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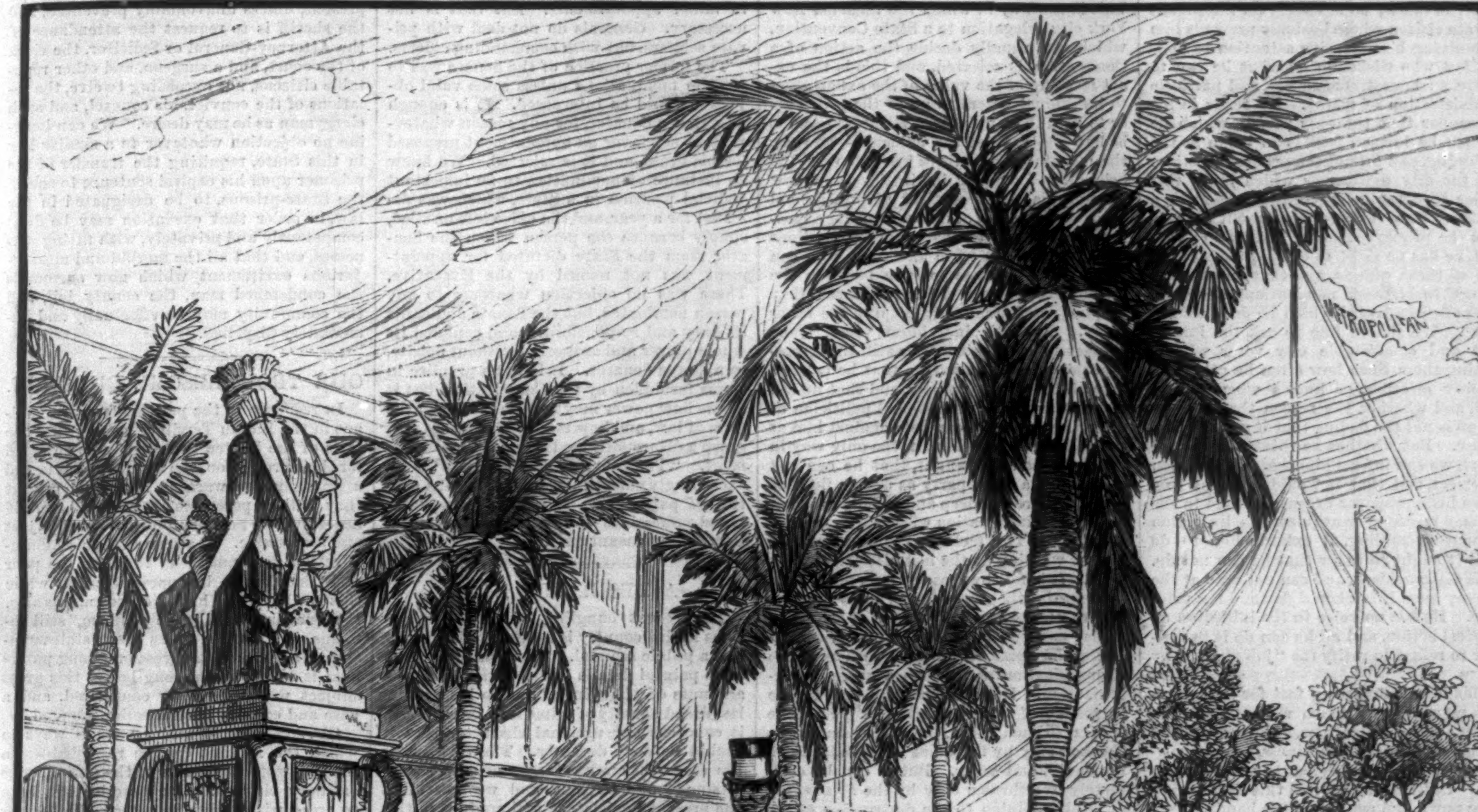

THE CARNIVAL IN HAVANA—GENERAL GRANT IN THE PROCESSION.—From a Sketch by F. H. Taylor.—[See Page 151.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1880.

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DISFRANCHISED REPUBLICANS.

THERE is one docile political personage who is generally overlooked and contemned, but who is a very important part of every election. We mean the individual voter. He is not a holder of office, nor a seeker of office; he is merely an intelligent private citizen whose business prevents him from giving his exclusive attention to politics, but who wishes to do what he can to secure an honest, economical, and patriotic administration of affairs. He reads in his newspaper that the only way in which he can "make himself felt" is to begin at the beginning, and attend the primary meeting. But the city newspaper which gives this advice is either delightfully innocent or a mocker. The voter is told that if he neglects the primary meeting, and fails to vote at it, he has no right to complain of the action of those who do, and that he has only himself to blame if nominations are made and policies adopted which he does not approve. We should like to ask the intelligent and comfortable city voter who is reading these lines how often he attends a primary meeting, or knows when one is held, and whether the reason that he does not go is not the feeling that it would be of no use. But whether he thinks of it at all or not, we can inform him that his suspicion is correct, and that it would be of no use. When his newspaper urges him to go to the primary meeting, or acquiesce in its action without grumbling, it exhorts him to do what it ought to know that he can not do. He is disfranchised, and can not vote at the primary even if he should demand the privilege. He has no voice in the initiation of political action, and all he can do is to ratify or to refuse to ratify the "job put up" by others.

This is an interesting fact for the important personage of whom we have spoken, the individual voter, who, although he does not make politics his business, has the power to give success or defeat to political parties. Until he recognizes this fact he is a mere pawn and counter in the hands of professional politicians, who play their game by the baldest bribery of patronage or open corruption. The election in the State of New York is generally decided by the result in the city, and that is arranged upon both sides by politicians who treat the respectable voting reader of these lines as the overseers of plantations in the ante-bellum days treated their slaves. "Go to the primaries, or take the consequences," shout the newspapers. But let the voter see whether he can go to the primaries. The system is essentially the same in both parties. The Republicans borrowed it from Tammany Hall. It divides the city into district associations, and authorizes every voter to become a member of the association in the district of his residence, and of that association only. The conditions of admission are proposition by responsible members, a favorable report from a committee, and a pledge to sustain the "regular" action of the party. This scheme, of course, excludes from membership, and consequently from the right of voting at the primaries, every man who is objectionable to the rulers of the association, because nothing is easier than to "hang up" an obnoxious name in a committee, while self-respecting men are very slow to pledge themselves in advance to support "regular" action, without regard to its honesty or expediency. The result of this system upon the Republican side is this, that of more than 58,000 voters in the city, not more than 6000 or 8000 at the most are members of the associations. More than 50,000 of the 58,000 Republican voters who are exhorted to go to the primaries could not vote if they went. The exhortation is a mere mockery in such a community as a great city, however wise it may be in a small rural neighborhood. The facts have been long familiar to those who are interested, but a letter from Mr. GEORGE BLISS, published last November, gave a clear insight into the subject to all who had no knowledge.

Three or four years ago the Easy Chair in HARPER'S MONTHLY described the attempt of a good citizen, one of the individual voters, who could not devote all his time to politics, to take part in a primary meeting. It was in another city, indeed, and he took part, but very much as a leaf takes part in the flowing of a river. Mr. F. W. WHITRIDGE, in the current number of the *International Review*, relates his experience and that of a friend in New York, and his story is well worth the attention of those who exhort attendance upon primaries as the panacea of our political ills. Mr. WHITRIDGE and his friend went to the primary, as per exhortation. There was a man in the room at a table, and a few other men were lounging about. Others came in, and after saying something to the man at the table, went out again. The two individual voters waited patiently for the meeting to be organized, in order to "make themselves felt." But at the end of an hour they were informed that the primary was in progress; that the gentlemen who had come in had voted; that a ticket which was shown to them was going to be elected, although votes, of course, could be cast for any one else; and finally, that *only members of the association could vote.* This is the way in which the immense New York city delegation to a State Convention, which can usually decide the action of a Convention, is selected, and this is the exact measure of the value of the exhortation to individual voters to go to the primaries or to hold their tongues. It shows—and it is but one part of the evidence—how far the machinery of politics has eaten out the principle of popular institutions, and how absolute is the despotism of professional politicians, that is, of men who make a business of packing caucuses and Conventions in order to force upon the voter who can not give all his time to such business the alternative of supporting whatever they propose, or of practically helping the other party. But the individual voter, if he chooses to assert himself, is still the important personage. It is true that he can not give all his time to politics, and that he can not cope with the professional politician at the primary, but he can vote against him at the polls, and teach him, in the only way in which he can be taught, that he can not count upon a great party as upon a flock of sheep. There is a deep and rapidly growing disgust and indignation with this inexorable despotism. This feeling gave a tremendous note of warning at the last election in New York. It is felt by those who do not choose to advertise their opposition, but who know how to "make themselves felt" at the polls, if they can not do so at the primaries. It is idle, and worse, to represent such an abuse of organization as in itself a necessary organization. It is made possible only by the patronage of office. While that patronage is open to such abuse, the despotism can be checked only by the quiet independence of the individual voter. But it can be completely overthrown only by the awakening of public opinion to the destruction of the vast bribery fund of patronage.

THE COURTESY OF THE SENATE.

AMONG the changes which have grown up in the administration of our government under the Constitution, one of the most important is that which is known as the "courtesy of the Senate." It was recently illustrated by the rejection of Mr. JOHN MORTON, who was nominated to be Collector of the port of San Francisco. Mr. MORTON is a son of the late Senator MORTON, of Indiana, and is now consul at Honolulu. There was no question, as we understand, of his character or capacity, or that he was not a fitting candidate. There was no assertion against him of any principle of a sound civil service. But he was not the choice of the Senators from California, and "the courtesy of the Senate" required that the nomination should be judged, not by its merits, but by the wishes of the Senators from the State. "The courtesy of the Senate" further requires that when a Senator, or one who has been a Senator, is nominated, he shall be confirmed without reference. In this way Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON was nominated as minister to England, and it is alleged that a motion of Mr. SHERMAN to refer the nomination of Mr. SIMON CAMERON as Secretary of War led Mr. CAMERON to oppose the confirmation of Mr. SHERMAN as Secretary of the Treasury, in which opposition, as the *Times* correspondent announced, Mr. CONKLING joined. "The courtesy of the Senate" is not quite so absolute a rule as the laws of the Medes and Persians, however, as this incident and the confirmation of the present chiefs of the New York Custom-house prove. But in the confirmation of local appointments it is generally supreme.

"The courtesy of the Senate" is, therefore, very well defined by the Indianapolis *Journal* as an "alliance offensive and defensive for the control of patronage." That it is a violation of the intention of the Constitution is indisputable. The Constitution plainly intends that the President shall nominate upon his responsibility for the efficient execution of the laws, and that the nomination shall be confirmed except for reasons affecting character or the proper discharge of official duty. The power of confirmation is not specifically qualified, but it is obvious that it is a power looking to the welfare of the service, and not to the personal interests or preferences of individual Senators. This, indeed, as we say, is not expressly stated, but it is as much implied as that the President shall nominate only with the same regard to the public welfare, and not to subserve his personal aims. With the vast increase of offices, however, there is an increased disposition to make appointment depend upon the confirmation of the Senate, and its "courtesy" is but another name for the agreement to secure to each Senator his proportional share in the patronage. It is this practice which gives to certain Senators a political importance and prominence which they could not have gained by intrinsic ability. It is sometimes said that such men do not personally interest themselves in minor appointments. But that is not necessary. Generals do not deal with private soldiers, but with commanding officers.

The former practice of the Senate was to confirm nominations unless some valid objection could be interposed. It is enough now that a Senator, for any reason whatever, does not favor an appointment proposed for his State, and it is rejected. We knew an instance of nomination to an important judicial position in a State, which was defeated for a year, and the office left unfilled, simply because the person whom the Senator from the State dictated for appointment was not named by the Executive. There was no objection whatever to any person nominated, but the Senate abdicated its duty and responsibility, and confided its whole power and authority, without debate, to a single Senator. It is not a practice in terms forbidden by the Constitution, but it shows how power may be usurped under the form of law, and how readily the Senate may grasp a disproportioned share of the government. "The courtesy of the Senate" is an exceedingly smooth phrase. It means control of patronage. It recalls NAPOLEON'S bland professions of devotion to the Revolution. They meant empire.

A DESIRABLE LAW.

THE recent bungling of capital executions in this country is a shock to humanity and a public scandal. There have been no more painful details in the papers than the accounts of "hangings," and so long as the last dread penalty of crime is to be enforced, it concerns our national character that it should be done decently. The remedy for the shameful circumstances of such scenes is simple and obvious, and we trust that the present Legislature will apply it in this State. The practice in New York is well known. The offender is tried and sentenced in the county where the crime was committed, and he is then imprisoned in the county jail until the time of execution. The sheriff who discharges the painful duty is a quiet citizen or politician, who has no knowledge or experience to fit him for so momentous an office. In England and on the Continent there is a public executioner, who is trained to the task, and whose service prevents the repulsive scandals which accompany executions in this country. In some places it is even a hereditary office. The consequences of our practice are seen in the odious details of executions, and there is no sheriff in the State probably who would not gladly be relieved of the performance of this terrible duty.

But there are more serious considerations. If we are not misinformed, an official person, in an inspection of forty-three counties in this State, found at one time twenty-six prisoners under sentence of death. They were all, of course, confined in the county jails, and it appears that the capital sentence gives a certain distinction to the condemned man which is of the most degrading influence upon the other prisoners. He is treated with a kind of respect and consideration, as if the greater enormity of his crime gave him a claim to superior regard and even honor. The attendants in speaking to the other prisoners take a tone of depreciation and contempt, as if common thieves and pickpockets, and mere burglars and incendiaries, could have no just claim for attention in the presence of an actual murderer. He becomes the centre of morbid interest in the neighborhood. There is the utmost eager curiosity to see him, and the felon who is guilty of the most inhuman and appalling crime is invested with an air of romance in the minds of the wild and ignorant youth of the community, who are thus taught to see in the commission of crime a passport to admiration and attention. The late report of the Jail Committee of the Charities Aid Auxiliary, in the county of Richmond, where REINHARDT, condemned for the murder of his wife, lies in the county jail, calls attention to this deplorable impression, upon the ignorant part of the community, that a criminal under sentence of death is a kind of hero.

The remedy both for this demoralizing situation and for the repulsive consequences of the ignorance and incapacity of sheriffs for the duty of hangman, and the way to secure a prompt, effective, and decent execution of the death penalty, is the passage of a law in this State like that of New Hampshire, which was enacted only two years since, and which should become universal. This law provides that a person who is sentenced to be hanged shall at the same time be sentenced to imprisonment in the State-prison at Concord until the time appointed for carrying the capital sentence into effect. That time in New Hampshire is more than a year from the date of the sentence, but that may be a matter for consideration. The law further provides that the execution shall take place within the walls of the State-prison. The sheriff and two of his deputies are to be present, unless unavoidably prevented, and the sheriff is to request the attendance of the Attorney-General or Solicitor, the clerk of the court, and a surgeon, and other reputable citizens, not exceeding twelve, the relations of the convict, his counsel, and such clergyman as he may desire. We can imagine no objection whatever to a similar law in this State, requiring the transfer of the prisoner upon his capital sentence to one of the State-prisons, to be designated in the law, in order that execution may be done competently and privately, with fitting witnesses, and that all the morbid and most injurious excitement which now surrounds the condemned man, the county jail, and the community may be effectually and immediately dispelled.

OUR TROUBLESOME QUESTION.

IN response to the petition from the Indians in the Indian Territory, asking that the laws of the United States may be enforced for their protection, the President has issued a proclamation warning all intruders that they will be peremptorily removed, and, if necessary, by military power. This is just and reasonable. It shows that this Administration does not mean to allow the poor and friendless to be oppressed. But while this is what every honest citizen means also, the question itself, "the problem," still remains. If there were as much statesmanship as politics in Congress or among public men, it would not be long before this great subject would be fully considered, and a wise and comprehensive policy adopted.

Obviously there are but three ways in which the Indians can be regarded—as a foreign people, as wards of the nation, or as ordinary citizens. Our practice has been to treat with tribes as nations, but under this pretext we have imposed our own will upon them as wards. To carry out this policy by supplies of food and clothing, there is a system of civilian agencies, and the army is summoned only when there are actual outbreaks of the Indians, escapes from reservations, or raids upon settlements. The net result of the policy thus far pursued is enormous expense, wrong, and crime, and general impatience or indifference with the whole subject. Secretary SCHURZ has sought to correct abuses in the system, and to promote the civilization of the Indians, which must be the ultimate aim of any sensible policy, and, like all his predecessors, he has been deceived in the characters of some of the agents with whom he has been obliged to deal. But nobody has hinted or suspected that he had any other purpose in his administration of the department than the public welfare, based upon honest treatment of all concerned. If there have been scandals and corruption in the management of Indian affairs, they have not been brought home to the Secretary's office, nor have they even pointed at it; and despite the exposure of Mr. HAYT'S offenses, and the Ute massacre, and the wrongs of the Poncas, it is long since there has been a head of the department whose sincere interest in the subject, and whose intelligence and integrity and ability in its general administration, are superior to those of Secretary SCHURZ.

If, from the necessity of the case, the Indians are still to be treated as wards, the true policy is to make them as secure as possible, because without the sense of security the process of civilization will be constantly retarded. For this purpose a military supervision would be better than the present system. Much of the trouble with them and from them now arises from cheating them in supplies. This is almost unavoidable under a system of political agents, and with the kind of population that hovers around a reservation. The army administration is honest and inflexible, and it supplies its own police. Force would be seldom necessary if it were always at hand, because the Indians respect the power which is plainly able to assert itself. At the same time, the policy of extermination, which is so popular with some Western politicians, is worthy of savages only. Whatever advancing civilization demands, it does not require the foulest injustice; and wherever injustice is urged, it is evident that barbarism has demoralized advancing civilization.

THE "SMYTH AFFAIR."

Mr. John F. Smyth, the manager of the scheme at Albany by which the Republican primaries were carried by a trick, as we recounted last week, has been renominated by Governor Cornell as Superintendent of Insurance. The nomination has been received by an indignant protest from that part of the Republican press of the State which is not in sympathy with the political ring of which Mr. Smyth is a conspicuous and characteristic member, and it has led to the resignation of Mr. Charles E. Smith, editor of the Albany *Evening Journal*, and to the repudiation by that paper of the countenance which Mr. Smith, as editor, had given to Mr. Smyth's appointment.

It is evident on all sides that the political ring of which we speak has stretched Republican loyalty to the utmost tension. If the appointment of men like Mr. Smyth is one of "the great principles of the Republican party" to which every Republican is expected to be faithful, the result can be easily foretold. The *Evening Journal* says, in words which will be heartily echoed by every honest and self-respecting Republican journal in the State and the country, "it will endeavor to show that it is wedded to 'principles, not men,' and that its devotion to principles will make it bold to dissent from the policy of men whenever it shall believe that that policy will jeopard the integrity of the Republican party." The protest of the *Journal* may well be heeded by the managers of the Republican party. Twelve years ago what was known as the "Fenton machine" was as supreme in the Republican politics of New York as that of Mr. Conkling is now. To-day not a shred of that machine remains.

The situation of the State and of the country requires the most careful observation of the state of public feeling, and imposes the necessity of distinguishing between the hum of the machine and the voice of intelligent patriotism. When this paper is published the Republican Convention of New York will be in session. We trust it will remember that its duty to the welfare of the party requires that the serious differences of Republican sentiment in New York shall be represented at the National Convention. In the final decision the will of the majority must always prevail, but in order to give it moral force, the minority must feel that it has been fairly heard.

IRELAND AND THE FAMINE.

The Duchess of Marlborough announces that the danger of famine in Ireland appears to be over, and that if the public charity continues, no person in Ireland need die for want of food, although $200,000 a week must still be spent for six weeks more. The subscription to the Dublin Mansion House Fund has been nearly $150,000. The British government will advance nearly $4,000,000, and the *Herald* fund in New York will be more than $200,000. The most notable event of the relief movement is the reported gift of $2,500,000 from the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, not for alms, but for the purchase of land to be let to small tenants on long leases at moderate rents. Should the report be true, it will be a striking and admirable illustration of a high public spirit, and will go far to justify the suspicion that a person who does such things may be safely intrusted with the suffrage.

These periodical famines in Ireland, however, indicate some fatal defect in the system of agriculture, and lend great probability to the assertion that the trouble springs from the land laws. The last famine, thirty-five years ago, was attributed to the potato-rot. This implied that the potato was the sole food of the Irish people—a fact which of itself should have arrested the attention of statesmen. This year the responsibility is thrown upon a wet season. But obviously the real reason is of another kind.

The *Bystander*, the shrewd and independent monthly Canadian periodical at Toronto to which we have heretofore alluded, says of the visit of Mr. Parnell: "Clearness of aim is not the Hibernian forte, and it is difficult to understand whether Mr. Parnell is asking for bread or gunpowder. Irishmen are ready enough to give him both: perhaps they would rather give gunpowder than bread. But the Americans are less ready to subscribe to insurrection than they were before the civil war, and they have no notion of an anti-rent movement. On the question of property they are ultra-conservative, showing thereby that it is not a court that makes conservatism, but contentment. The so-called anti-rent movement in New York was nothing but a rising against obsolete dues and services which vexed the holders of land on the old Van Rensselaer estate." This is very true, and nothing is more significant of a certain radical change of feeling in this country than the fact of the unanimous and resolute hostility of the press to Mr. Parnell's political mission.

SAMUEL GREENE ARNOLD.

Samuel Greene Arnold, the historian of Rhode Island, died recently, in Providence, at the age of fifty-nine. He was of an old and prominent Rhode Island family, and his tastes and ability led him to take an active and prominent part in public affairs. He was a trustee of Brown University, of the Butler Hospital, and of the Reform School, the president of the Historical Society, and a devoted supporter of the First Baptist religious society in Providence—one of the leading societies of that faith in New England. Mr. Arnold had been also Lieutenant-Governor, and he filled the unexpired term of James F. Simmons in the Senate of the United States. There was no Rhode-Islander more thoroughly identified with the interests of the State.

After leaving college and the law school, Mr. Arnold travelled long and widely in many parts of the world, and the bent of his mind was shown in his close observation and record of details. The thousand little but characteristic and important facts which everybody forgets, he remembered, and he was a magazine of the information which it is difficult to know where to find. He threw himself with ardor into everything that interested him, and few men have more interests than he had. He was impatient of conventions and delays, and in his youth had almost a brusque directness and positiveness of manner, which, however, was wholly free from ill nature, and revealed the frank honesty of his nature.

Mr. Arnold had a strong literary taste and great literary activity, without the literary temperament or creative literary gifts. Yet his *History of Rhode Island* will not be superseded as a work of thorough, patient, and accurate research. He was proud of his State—proud that he was her son, and that his family on both sides was conspicuous in her earlier days; and he was justly proud to have told the story of the State whose founder did not plead for religious toleration, but asserted religious liberty. The friends of his youth who recall his hearty generosity of feeling, his fidelity and sincerity, his manly activity, and the unflagging zeal which he brought to every duty—and, indeed, every son of the little State whose name is written indelibly upon the hearts of all her children—will hear with sadness of Mr. Arnold's death.

JOHN BULL AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

The story that is now credited to Mr. Thomas Buchanan Read, that Tennyson said to him during the war in this country that England was "not with the North," adds another to the list of famous literary Englishmen who neither understood their own country nor ours. Carlyle, Dickens, Tennyson, and Thackeray were the most illustrious literary names in England, and the first three were all unfriendly, and Thackeray hardly friendly. The aristocracy and the clubs were all against us, but they were no more England than the London *Times;* and there is no finer spectacle than the patience and confidence of the factory laborers who were pinched by the loss of the American cotton supply, but who stood with John Bright, and wished well to the Union and liberty.

The reason of the peculiar dislike of America which preceded the war we have heretofore indicated. It was the ascendency of the slave power which gave the lie to our boasting professions. The Revolution and the jealousy of another country do not explain the acrimony of foreign feeling. It is painful to think that so many of the Englishmen who have been most admired in this country, and who have most influenced its thought and taste, were so unfriendly and so ignorant of the character and scope of our great contest. But no good result of the war was more evident than the emancipation of this country from its undue regard for foreign, and specially for British, opinion. Mr. Read merely foretold it in replying to Mr. Tennyson: "We Americans of the North don't care a —— about you Englishmen."

That kind of bitterness has fortunately passed away, and we doubt if the feeling between England and this country was ever more healthful and mutually respectful than it is now. There is a friendly badinage about many differences, but there was never a truer mutual regard.

THE TRUE STORY OF A YOUNG TINMAN.

A young white Mississippian, twenty-five years old, and a tinman by trade, finding business dull, resolved to try farming, and going to Corinth, he agreed with a planter to work land on shares. He was to cultivate fourteen acres, which is as much as one man can well manage, and the owner was to furnish the land, a mule, and tools, with board, including washing and mending, during the whole term of service. For this the owner was to receive one-half of the cotton that was raised, ginned, and baled ready for market.

The tinman had never ploughed a furrow, but he was quick to learn, and he soon laid as even a furrow as he wished. Between March 16 and December 8 he raised upon the fourteen acres of good average land eight bales of cotton, weighing four thousand and sixty-four pounds, which was sold at an average price of eleven and a half cents per pound, amounting to $467 36, one-half of which—$233 68—went to the owner of the land. From the remainder the tinman deducted his expenses—labor for picking, $35; help for hoeing, $14 50; ginning and baling, $24: total expenses, $73 30, which, deducted from $233 68, left $160 38 as his net balance.

With this cash balance in his pocket, the young tinman went home contented. It was a much more profitable business than shooting colored men or bulldozing voters. He had sat at the planter's table, living on milk, eggs, butter, ham, corn-bread, sweet-potatoes, and vegetables, and he could have staid working upon wages during the winter, but he preferred to return to his trade at that season. There is plenty of labor in the Southern States, upon similar terms, for men of sound health and sound minds. But the tinman does not deny that where the community is Democratic, a Republican is not beloved. The Southern Democrat who fosters this ostracism is the worst enemy of his section and of the country.

ROLFE'S SHAKESPEARE.

The publication of *King John*, in Rolfe's edition of Shakespeare, is an addition to one of the most attractive and convenient editions of the plays ever issued. Sixteen of the charming, handy little volumes have been published, each one containing a single play, the text of which is collated with all the modern editions, with extracts from the best commentators, and copious notes, and every volume is prettily illustrated. It is, in fact, a convenient small variorum edition. Mr. Rolfe intends that his work shall not be unfitted for school and social reading, and he therefore reserves the right to expurgate. But this right he exercises with singular discretion, and in the *King John* only a single line has been omitted.

The general question of expurgation we do not now discuss. In the hands of Mr. Rolfe it is not a power which has been abused; and while it is unquestionably true that much in our older literature which repels modern taste is essential to a proper knowledge of the feelings and customs of the time, it is no less true that much of it may be omitted from any work without marring its essential literary worth. The notes in this edition are numerous, but each is brief, and there is a convenient vocabulary and reference of the words and phrases which are explained by the notes.

This excellent edition of Shakespeare has taken its place noiselessly among its associates, but it is a delightful addition to them, and deserves the attention of "parents and guardians," as well as of teachers and clubs.

PERSONAL.

Mr. James Lenox, who died on the 17th of February, at his residence in Fifth Avenue, at the age of eighty, was one of the least personally known men in New York, but one of those most widely known for great and wise benevolence. It is estimated that the amount of his benefactions for religious and charitable objects, and for the erection and endowment of the Lenox Library and Presbyterian Hospital, could not have been less than three million dollars. So strong was his aversion to being talked about or known in connection with his gifts that it was with great reluctance that he consented to let the splendid library he has built bear his name. This library and building have been estimated to be worth two million dollars, though Mr. Lenox would never tell what they cost him. He was very peculiar about his books, almost invariably refusing to lend them, and entirely denying admission to strangers. It is said that Chief Justice Daly once wished to see a particular book, of which he knew there was but one copy in the country, and that was in Mr. Lenox's library. He sent a note to Mr. Lenox, which was promptly answered, as was always the case with all of Mr. Lenox's correspondents. The book was sent, but a servant was sent with it, with orders to wait until the judge got through with the book, and then to bring it back. It is also related of Mr. Lenox that, desiring to secure some specimens of Turner's work, he sent that eminent artist a carte blanche for a couple of pictures. When the canvas of one of them arrived, he was unable to tell which was the top of the picture. It seemed to him a confused mass of paint. With the promptness and decision which marked his character, he at once notified the artist of his disappointment. Turner offered to take the picture and return the money, but Mr. Lenox soon found that his purchase was worth more than he had paid for it, and he concluded to keep it. Although a recluse, Mr. Lenox was quite social with a few friends. Among those with whom he was intimate was the late Alexander Stuart, also a bachelor, and of Scotch descent, and, like Mr. Lenox, a man of many charities. The Presbyterian Hospital is only sectarian in name. No question is asked as to the religion of its inmates, except for purposes of record. Four-fifths of its beds are occupied by patients who are not Presbyterians. The Lenox family was so well known for its charitable character that at one time they had a room in their house that was devoted exclusively to the storing of food and clothing for the poor. Yet there was an utter absence of ostentation in its distribution.

—The College of New Jersey, at Princeton, has conferred the degree of LL.D. on General Di Cesnola, the eminent archæologist and explorer. No man is more worthy of such an honor, and Princeton honors itself in thus recognizing his services to art history.

—During the year 1833 the late A. T. Stewart invited Lewis Tappan, a partner in the firm of Arthur Tappan & Co., to come to his store, then situated on Broadway opposite the City Hall, to examine his stock, books, and papers, and report the facts of his condition to his firm and to Henry Sheldon, a French importer, and several others, from whom Mr. Stewart desired considerable credit. After a careful examination, Mr. Tappan reported Mr. Stewart to be "fairly worth $62,000 over and above all his liabilities." This gave confidence to all parties, and thence afterward he had all the credit he wanted. Some years after this, Mr. Stewart told Mr. Tappan that the credit given as the result of that examination gave him a new start in business, and was of immense advantage to him.

—Mr. Kinglake's early literary experience was quite remarkable. After the completion of *Eothen*, upon which he had expended the utmost care, writing and rewriting much of it in the keenest spirit of criticism, he took it to several publishers, who were unable to see the slightest merit in it to entitle it to publication. It was promptly declined upon any terms. Finally he walked into a bookseller's shop in Pall Mall, explained the adventures of the manuscript, and made it a present to the publisher if he thought it worth printing. The first edition went slowly, till a notice by Lockhart in the *Quarterly Review* called attention to it, and the printer's difficulty after that was to keep pace with the demand. After that the publisher for many years sent annually to Mr. Kinglake a Christmas present of $500.

—The steady advance of classical scholarship in America has made a deep impression in England, and forced a cordial though tardy recognition from the scholars and learned bodies of that country. The old sneering or patronizing tone of criticism once adopted toward American authors has given place to one of hearty and well-deserved admiration. Two notable instances of this change are worthy of mention. *Harpers' New Latin Dictionary* was welcomed in England with enthusiasm, and the labors of the American editors Lewis and Short were justly characterized as evincing the very highest development of Latin scholarship. The other instance is the reception given to Professor W. W. Goodwin's *Elementary Greek Grammar*, which the London *Academy* pronounces the best that has yet appeared in English, and at the same time pays a well-deserved tribute to the extent of the author's classical attainments and the value of his researches. Evidently the star of "learning," as well as that of "empire," has taken a westward way, and shines with unwonted brilliancy over the New World.

—In a recent "personal" we alluded to the large professional income of the late Benjamin Rand Curtis after he resigned from the bench of the United States Supreme Court and resumed the practice of law. It has been stated by Mr. Justice Miller of that court that Judge Curtis was "the first lawyer of America of the past or present time"; and the late Judge Samuel Nelson is said to have stated that he was "the greatest lawyer in America, if not in the world." Although the cases he argued before that court involved great interests and difficult questions of law, he rarely occupied more than forty minutes in his argument, and only two cases are recalled by one of the Supreme Court justices in which he spoke beyond an hour. One of the highest tributes to his great skill and learning as a lawyer was paid by Mr. Justice Miller, when he said that of the many cases he had heard Judge Curtis argue before the Supreme Court of the United States, all were decided on the very ground that Judge Curtis had selected and discussed. His foresight as to what questions the decision of the court must turn on and on what ground it must rest was unerring.

—Mr. Labouchere, writing of King Alfonso and the several attempts that have been made to assassinate him, says it is difficult to conceive the idea that he can have a personal enemy. His bearing and conversation are singularly attractive. His face is comely, his figure good, his language void of offense. He has no share in the national ills or discontents of Spain. Yet his demeanor under fire has been quite free from irritation or vindictiveness. It was much against his will, and in spite of his passionate pleading, that one of the criminals who tried to murder him was executed. Indeed, he is constitutionally brave, though of so frail and nervous an organization. He showed a reckless boldness in his final duel with the Carlists; and old soldiers, whose praise is not easily won, spoke highly of his conduct in the field.

—Chief-Justice Waite had a pleasant time at New Orleans, whither he went the other day to see the Carnival. On his arrival, the Lord High Chamberlain of King Carnival waited upon him, and presented him with a patent of nobility as Duke of Justice.

—It is said in diplomatic circles that President Hayes, following up his plan of promotion among our foreign representatives, will appoint Colonel Wickham Hoffman, now secretary of legation at St. Petersburg, to the post of minister resident at Belgium. Colonel Hoffman is one of the most capable and experienced of the gentlemen connected with our legations, and his friends in New York are glad to learn of his proposed advancement.

—The King of the Hawaiian Islands, who has hitherto lived in a number of wooden cottages surrounded by a high wall, is soon to be housed in a decent palace, for which the Hawaiian legislature has appropriated $50,000.

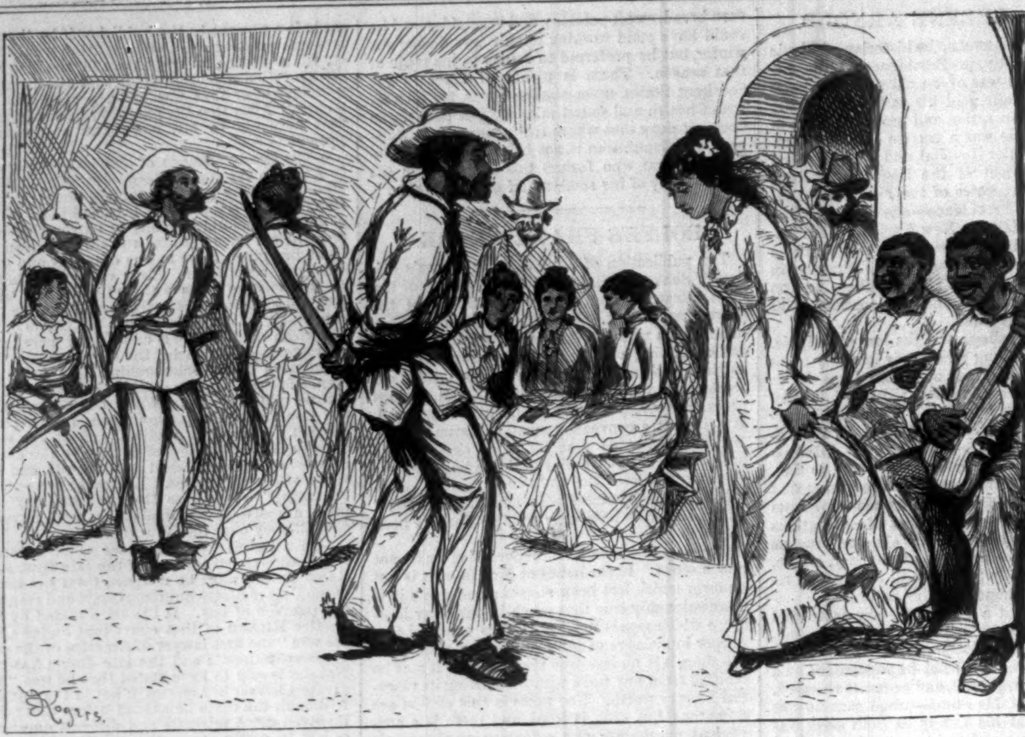
—The London *Examiner* has this pleasant mention of Mr. Stedman: "A banker-poet is a *rara avis*, though we have had that novelty in England in the person of Samuel Rogers. America can now claim a similar combination in the person of Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, a successful banker of New York. Besides being a poet, Mr. Stedman has proved by his volume of essays on the *Victorian Poets* his claim to the title of literary critic."

—John Gaylord Wells, who died in this city on the 19th of January, was the author of *Wells's Every Man His Own Lawyer*, of which over 800,000 copies have been sold in this country. He was originally a printer in Connecticut, and among others who learned that art with him was Mr. Robert Bonner, of the *Ledger*. He was the inventor of elastic type for printing on hard substances, and of several other ingenious contrivances, and expended $40,000 in protecting his patents in the courts. Several fortunes were made and lost by him. In January, 1878, he sprained his ankle in stepping from a curbstone, which rendered amputation necessary, and from the effects of which he never recovered.

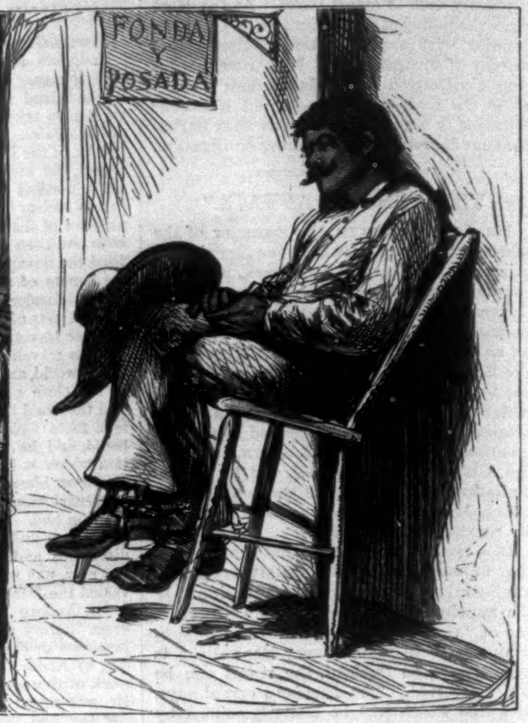
—Mr. Parnell has at last put his foot down. It was in a shoe manufactory in Lynn, Massachusetts, through which he was taken by the Mayor. A pair for him was made on the spot, the finishing touches being given by the Mayor himself, who was once a shoe-maker.

—Dr. Herman Huss, of the family of the great reformer, a young German, who has for five years been teaching at the famous Philological Institute at Rome, and the author of two important works on the German language, has been appointed Professor of German in Princeton College. He will teach Italian and French, as well as German.

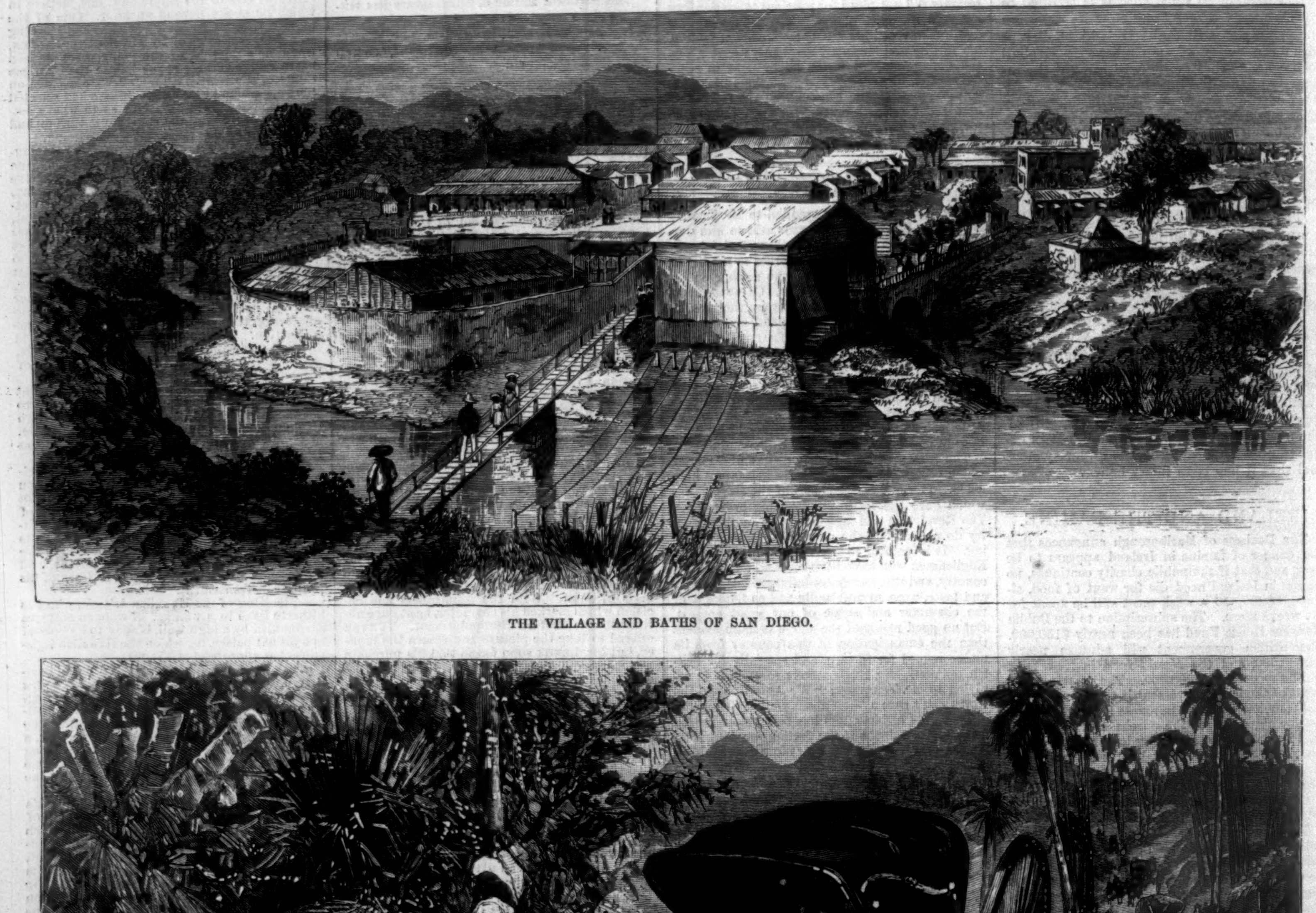
—A Washington correspondent of the Boston *Herald* says that ex-Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, is making $1000 a week from a North Carolina gold mine, and adds that "at least one-third of the United States Senators are speculating." It would probably not be a violent wrestling with truth to say that the faces of many Senators are quite familiar to the people who dabble in stocks in Wall Street. In fact, "How are you, Senator?" is there one of the first salutations one hears of a morning.



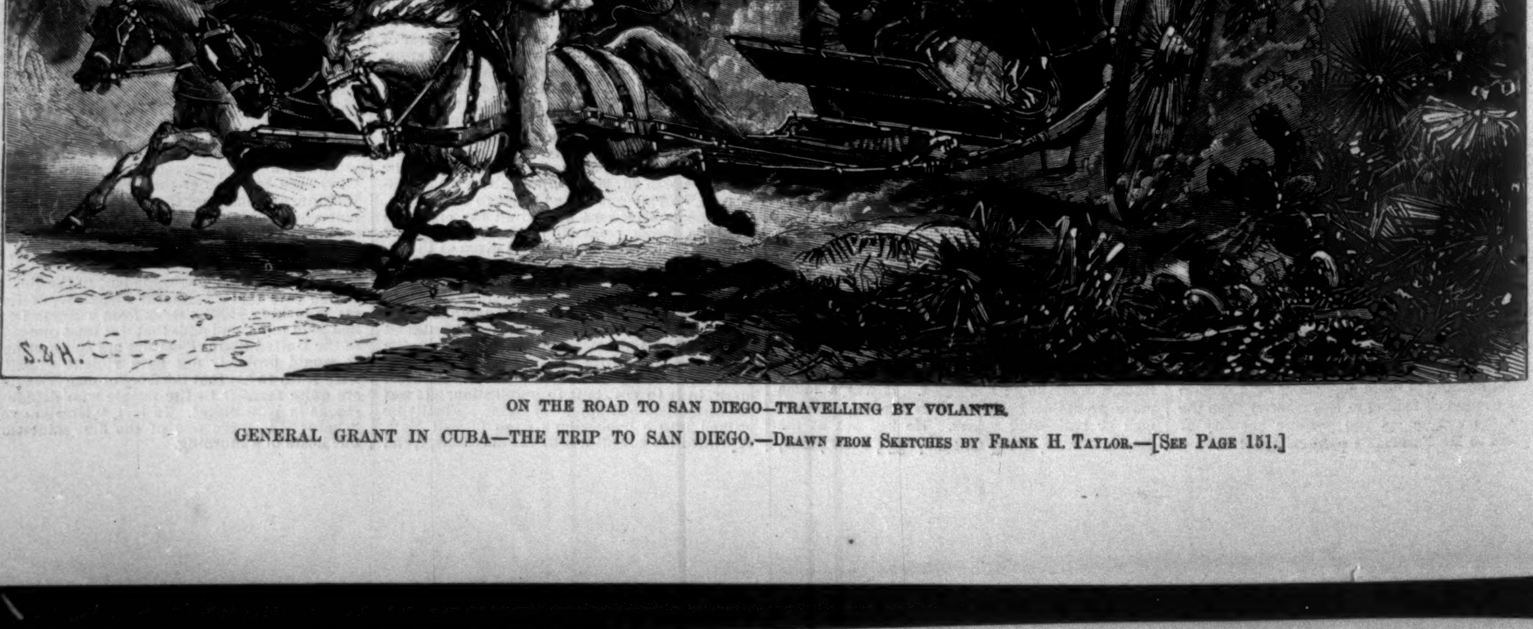
BALL BY THE NATIVES—DANCING THE "ZAPATEO."



"A LEADING OCCUPATION."

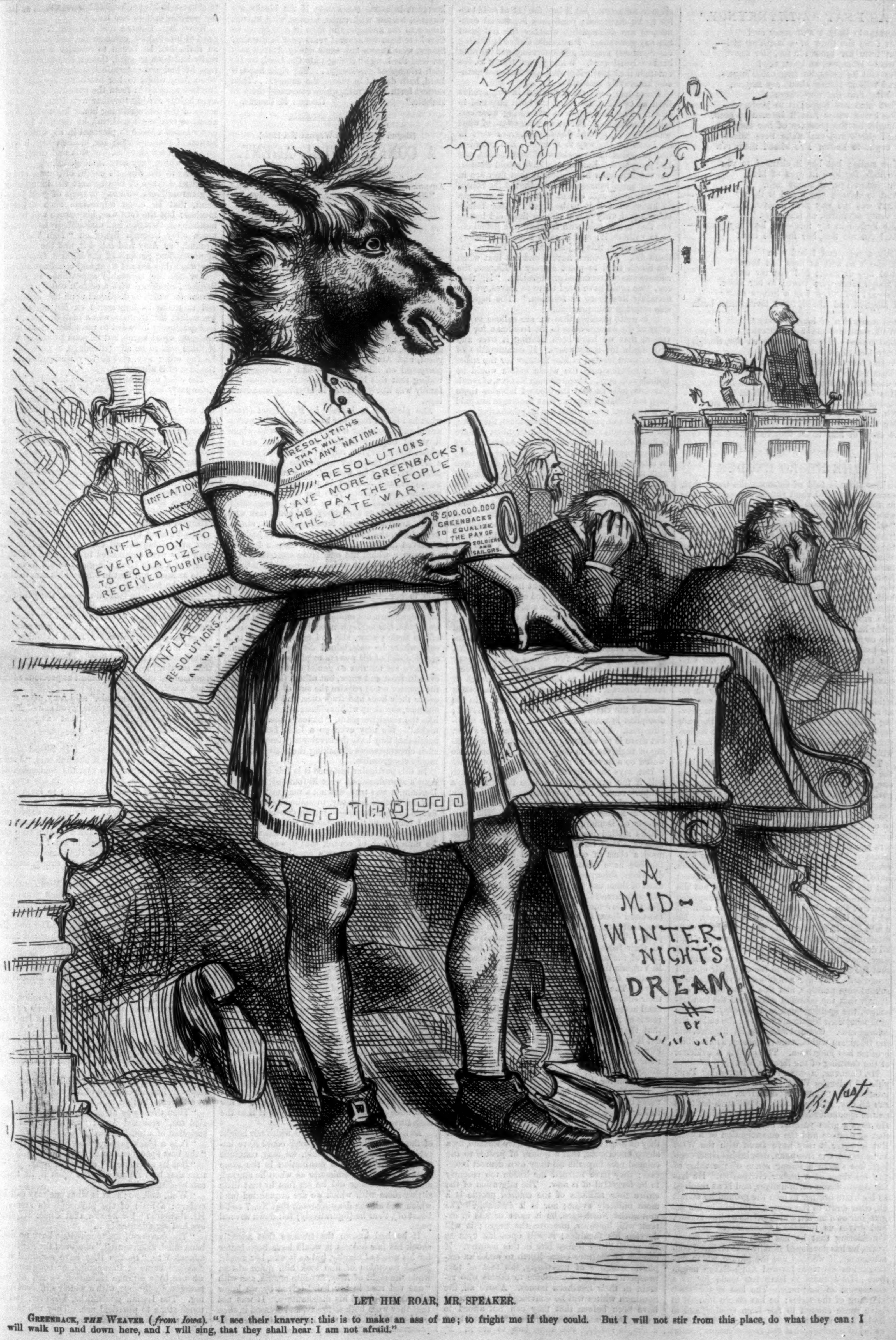


THE VILLAGE AND BATHS OF SAN DIEGO.



ON THE ROAD TO SAN DIEGO—TRAVELLING BY VOLANTE.

GENERAL GRANT IN CUBA—THE TRIP TO SAN DIEGO.—DRAWN FROM SKETCHES BY FRANK H. TAYLOR.—[SEE PAGE 151.]


RESOLUTIONS THAT WILL RUIN ANY NATION.
RESOLUTIONS
HAVE MORE GREENBACKS, THE PAY THE PEOPLE THE LATE WAR.
$500.000.000 GREENBACKS TO EQUALIZE THE PAY OF SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.
INFLATION
INFLATION EVERYBODY TO TO EQUALIZE RECEIVED DURING
INFLATION RESOLUTIONS.
A MID-WINTER NIGHT'S DREAM BY
Th: Nast

LET HIM ROAR, MR. SPEAKER.

Greenback, *the* Weaver (*from Iowa*). "I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid."

AS I SAT "A-THYNKYNGE."

Nothing! Only a soft stray curl
Cut from the brow of a laughing girl—
Cut from her brow for me, you know,
Twenty summers, at least, ago!
Yet still its gloss, its fragrance, lingers,
And still it twines about my fingers,
Falling into the very curve
That time has helped it to preserve—
The curve which first it learned to seek,
Taught by the pressure of her cheek;
And cheek and curl alike were soft—
I ought to know; I've kissed them oft.

You smile; but has it chanced to you
To look for love in eyes of blue,
Or parted lips, or sunny hair,
And to believe you found it there?
That was the way with me, you know,
Twenty summers, at least, ago.
She looked in my face—my love, my pearl!—
And cut me this, her favorite curl!

Only a year, and I had seen
A cheek as soft as hers had been,
And lips as sweet had met my own,
Though mine were vowed to her alone.
Vowed! but what was a lover's oath?
I laughed and kissed, for I loved them both.

Not your idea of love, you say?
Well, some are never led astray;
And some— I must have loved her, though;
Only last night I fancied so.
Seeing her children round her knee
(That nursery where mine should be),
I looked and sighed, to think that life
Has been for me a loveless strife.
Round my cold hearth no loved ones sit,
No children's voices hallow it;
My hopes, my youth, the years have reft—
A tress of hair is all they've left.

THE NEGRO EXODUS.

The story is told of Gregory the Great that, seeing some fair-haired youths exposed for sale in the market-place of Rome, he asked from whence they came, and was told from Britain. "Of what nation are they?" he asked again. "Angles" (*Angli*), was the reply. "Truly," said the good monk, "they are angels" (*angeli*). "From what province?" "Deira," he was told. "They must be rescued *de ira*" (*from God's wrath*). Britain had not long before been conquered by the Saxons, Angles, and Jutes, heathen and barbarians all, and the fortunes of war had brought these youths of their stock to Rome as slaves. The story is a seasonable reminder that race pride has no solid ground to stand on, and that our own ancestors needed help to start them on the path of Christian civilization just as much as the freedmen of the South whom we are educating to-day. The capabilities of the Anglo-Saxons were, in the time of Gregory, an unsolved problem, and without being enthusiastic in relation to the future of the freedmen, we can say as much for them. At all events, they are proving by their exodus from the South that they are very human, and that they have the same aspirations for freedom, justice, and domestic security which we have ourselves.

The problem which we have undertaken since the close of the war to solve is a most serious one, and yet not incapable of solution. Our experience thus far proves that we have proceeded upon a right method, for the education of the blacks will unquestionably give them the ability to care for themselves. Individual instances of high capacity have already appeared. A few winters ago the most eloquent member of the Legislature of Virginia was a colored man; their Representatives and Senators in the national Congress have won and held the respect of their colleagues; but the other day one of the race—and not the first one—was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States at the same moment with the Hon. Joel Parker, of New Jersey. No doubt they have fallen into grievous blunders in attempting to carry on State governments; but, all deductions made, it can not be questioned that they grow in knowledge. They are convinced that the South will resist to the end their upward progress. They are ambitious to rise above a subordinate position, and this is the best of evidences that the common school and the Sunday-school, the spelling-book and the copy-book, are producing their legitimate fruits in the soil of the colored race. Granted sufficient intelligence, and the freedman will become migratory, as his white brother has long been. The exodus is evidence of the dawning of the light in him.

Mr. Carlyle, in one of his "Latter-day Pamphlets," ridicules West India emancipation, and predicts that "Quashee," once free, will lie in the sun all day, and be content to eat such fruits as nature spontaneously produces in a tropical zone. He runs a grim parallel between the emancipation of negroes and the emancipation of horses. But however it may have fared with the West India negro, our freedman, despite his short-comings, has shown a strong sense of the value of the blessings of a higher civilization. He has the Anglo-Saxon earth-hunger, and is as resolved as his white brother to own the ground he stands on, clear down to the centre. He has, in his degree, our own unrest, which pricks us like a goad, and drives us forward in careers of industry. Considering that he has been free but fifteen years, he has developed rapidly that civilized consciousness, if we may use the phrase, which distinguishes his more favored Anglo-Saxon neighbor. His aptness to learn has made for us a succession of surprises. The last is the most startling of the series: he has shown himself to have sense enough to flee from trouble, and to find a better country. And so conventions are called to consider what the exodus means; social science congresses put it into the list of solid topics to be discussed; ponderous Senatorial committees are deliberating whether the freedman has any grievance. Meanwhile Cuffee is bidding his Southern master good-morning, and turning his face Northward. While we are trying to disentangle the knot in approved constitutional methods, he bravely cuts it.

There has been more method in the exodus than we of the white race have been disposed to admit. The revelations of last spring were certainly unexpected. Before we were aware of what was going on, several thousand negroes were in St. Louis on the way to Kansas. But colonists had preceded these seekers of new homes, and had prospered. Kansas may have a cold climate, but the freedmen know directly that they are in another social atmosphere than that of the South. "'Pears like," said one of them, "we just begin to know what it is to be free." Other things being equal, they would choose their old home; but they prefer cold with freedom to a genial climate without it; and if early American history tells the truth, this is just what our Pilgrim Fathers did. Freedmen have found out that when the South tried to plant slavery in Kansas, the climate was not reckoned an objection. "If," they say, "we could have lived there as slaves, we can certainly live there as freemen." The logic of this retort is unimpeachable.

It is quite possible that we are callous to the story of the wrongs done to the freedman for the reason that we have been hearing it over and over again for many years. If communities of whites were treated in like manner for the space of six months only, the whole nation would be boiling with rage. Congressman Rainey, of South Carolina, tells us that the colored laborers there earn ten dollars a month; that the wages are paid in plantation scrip, which has no purchasing power beyond the plantation. They must, therefore, give exorbitant sums for all their supplies. There is little chance for education. In some districts no appropriations have been made for schools; in others, the school year has been cut down from nine months to three; in still others, intelligent teachers have been driven away because they were Northern, and ignoramuses put in their places. The colored children hired out to service are whipped as in the days of slavery. Add to all this, political intolerance compels them to vote as their white neighbors wish, or their lives are in danger. A refugee in Kansas tells this story: A white neighbor had said to her husband, "John, I have asked you to vote with us a good many times, and I don't intend to ask you again." "My husband thought he meant to kill him, and left all his things and came away. I'm better off here, if I don't get a piece of meat but once a day. I can lay down at night and ain't afraid." In Georgia the prison convicts are leased to three companies, and are employed in chain-gangs in making roads and other public works. It happens that very few whites and very many negroes are forced into these gangs. The freedmen are sentenced to the gang for a breach of labor contract: that is, a cause of civil action is punished as a misdemeanor or a felony. In the train of the chain-gang follows the blood-hound; discipline is maintained by the use of the whipping-post. The winters in Kansas may be arctic, but there is no whipping-post there, and no tracking of fugitives with dogs. Even the north pole would be a haven of refuge from such torments.

But, says the alarmed conservative, the North will, if the exodus continues, be flooded with a pauper race. Not inevitably. Governor St. John declares that the freedmen have found work in Kansas, and are doing well. The Postmaster of Dunlap, in that State, testifies of the blacks settled near him: "They are cash customers. They have always paid up, and are as good a class of customers as I have. All the families have built stone houses. They are industrious, sober, temperate, good citizens. The most of them can read and write, take the papers, and understand the situation as well as any one." But the movement has still broader scope. Calebs and Joshuas have been sent to spy out the promised land, and have come back with good reports. The blacks of North Carolina have turned their faces toward Indiana, and the forerunners of the main body have been well received. In Virginia they held a convention last spring, and resolved that, unless better treated, they would leave. The planters of the Southwest have had their convention, and declared that the freedmen shall hereafter receive justice. This is one quick result of the exodus. The freedmen have replied that they will wait until election-time, and find out if their political rights are respected. Somehow they have caught the idea that the ballot is their sword and buckler. They may not use it always skillfully, but they know that it means protection for their race.

Enough of these facts, which are only specimens culled from a large aggregate. Do we need to learn once more that nothing less than justice will satisfy men? The people of the North may have no great personal liking for the negro, but they do love fair dealing. They have learned, by a sharp experience, that a failure of justice to the colored race imperils all their own dearest interests; they have learned the lesson too recently to be forgetful of it now. The migration of the entire four millions of the colored people is a most unlikely event; nor is it desirable. The movement Northward, be it more or less in extent, will, however, improve the negro; it will develop his faculties; it will open his eyes to the possibilities before him in this country. If enough of the race come North to make an emphatic example of prosperity, the fact of that prosperity will be wholesome to others who remain in their Southern homes. Above all, the Southern whites will be convinced, as they never have been before, that they can not afford to wrong their late slaves, that the oppressed have a simple remedy, and know how to use it. If, however, injustice continues; if the blacks are waylaid, beaten with clubs, hacked with knives, driven to the swamps, and shot in cold blood, as they have been for several years past in the Gulf States, who knows but some dusky Miriam may yet lead the song: "O sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously.... Thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy.... Thou sentest forth Thy wrath, which consumed them as stubble."

George R. Crooks.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

CHAPTER X.

THE PATRON'S VISIT.

The alarm at No. 7 Cavendish Grove at the news of Mr. Signet's promised visit, which Matthew brought home with him that night, was considerable and well-nigh universal.

Sabey, naturally shy, was struck with consternation at the greatness thus thrust upon her, of entertaining her husband's employer. Matthew himself was by no means pleased that Mr. Signet, with whom his business relations were far from agreeable, should have thus invited himself as a guest, and Amy—though herself perfectly self-possessed on all occasions—had a strong foreboding that this honor to be conferred upon the family was likely to result in anything but advantage.

She pictured to herself in Mr. Signet (from what had fallen from her brother-in-law) a purse-proud and somewhat offensive person with whom it would be very difficult to "get on," and to whom Uncle Stephen might very possibly present a side of his character which was not the most attractive. For he was not, as a rule, genial to strangers, and had not in the first instance responded very cordially to the advances of Mr. Barlow himself. That he could be agreeable, when he chose, to everybody, and could talk with much knowledge and familiarity upon almost every topic, she was well aware; but she had also observed in him, on occasion, a certain frigidity of manner which not only froze conversation at its very source, but with it the would-be talker's very vitals. He had, it was true, seen Mr. Signet once on the occasion of Matthew's first introduction to him, but had since maintained a silence with respect to that gentleman which was not only significant but ominous. That, for his nephew's sake, Uncle Stephen would do his best to conciliate their visitor, she had no doubt; but in a case where he entertained dislike or contempt, she doubted of his powers to please.

There are natures so genial that they blossom even in frost and snow, but others (and these are the greater ones) require the sun of sympathy to evoke their hues and fragrance, and which, in its absence, shrink up within themselves, and "close," like the sensitive plant, "beneath the kisses of night." We may even go a little further, and admit that they have the involuntary faculty under such circumstances of making themselves uncommonly disagreeable.

In this particular instance it is fair to say that Amy's apprehensions were ill-founded. Stephen Durham, it was true, was not a man to "put himself out"—that is to say, to make the least sacrifice of independence—to please the Great Mogul, or, I fear, even the Archangel Michael, had that potentate favored him with a personal visit, but he understood, of course, that it was important to be civil to his nephew's employer, and made up his mind—within limits—to be so. It fortunately never entered into his mind that Mr. Signet would venture upon patronizing either him or his, or that gentleman would indeed have found himself (as Captain Langton had humorously expressed it) in Queer Street.

As a matter of fact, however, when Mr. Signet stepped into his brougham at six o'clock that afternoon, from the door of his country house at Teddington, and gave that very insignificant direction to his coachman, "To Cavendish Grove," he felt "the patron" from the summit of his crush hat down to the sole of his patent-leather boots. To do him justice, he was not generally so foolish when going out to dinner as to wear a crush hat (which, if certain people would only understand the fact, is meant for evening parties, and *not* for dinners), but he had an idea that his carrying that article of apparel under his arm into No. 7 would impress its tenants with the fashion and social position of the bearer. (As it turned out, it only succeeded in embarrassing the domestic, Mary Jane, to whom he presented it as he sat down to table, to put somewhere, and who in her ignorance and alarm very nearly put it into the soup tureen.)

As it is certain that neither the width nor height of the tenements in "the Grove" could have impressed Mr. Signet favorably, we may conclude that he arrived at his destination in the same state of proud pre-eminence as when he started, and yet no sooner did he set foot in that little sitting-room with which we are acquainted (and which was all the drawing-room that No. 7 could boast of), than he (figuratively) fell down several pegs.

If he had known the tremors that secretly shook his fair hostess it would have been better for his sense of dignity, but as it was, her gentle, genial reception of him took him quite aback, while the sight of Amy, in white muslin, and with "one red rose in her hair" (given by we know whom), completed his discomfiture. It was not that they were both so pretty, and dressed in such good taste, but that they had that soft yet self-possessed air with them which he had been wont to observe in his professional transactions as being peculiar only to real ladies.

When Mrs. Helston told him that it was very good of him to have come so far, and on so short an invitation, he began to wonder whether he really had been so good, though five minutes before he had not entertained a doubt of it; and when Amy called to her brother-in-law and Mr. Durham to come in from the garden (where they were lightly talking together with scarcely a due sense of the overwhelming honor his arrival was about to confer upon them), he thought he had never heard a voice so pleasant in his whole collection of singing-birds; for, unlike theirs, it was not a mechanical voice, but soft and clear, and instinct with a very keen intelligence.

It was to Mr. Signet's credit, of course, and a sufficient defense of him against the imputation of gross dullness with any persons of good judgment, that he could appreciate such delicate touches; but the fact was, his nature was by no means base, though it had undoubtedly contracted much alloy through living on "Tom Tiddler's Ground," as Amy had called it, and the practice of persuading persons of the highest fashion to buy what they did not want and could not afford.

Nor did the venerable appearance of Uncle Stephen, combined with a certain courtly gravity of manner which he displayed upon this occasion, fail to make its impression on Mr. Signet; he knew that Mr. Durham was a man of mark, and had graciously intended to meet him, at his own table, on equal terms, but he soon perceived that if there was to be any patronage, it must needs be the other way, and so very wisely discarded the idea of it altogether.

The chief obstacle to complete harmony in the little party lay, to say truth, in Matthew himself, who was certainly not at his ease, and after a few not very successful attempts at conversation, left the entertainment of his respected employer in the more skillful hands of his uncle and the ladies. It is fair to say that their efforts were not a little assisted by the circumstances of the case: the beauty of the evening, and the vicinity of the little garden, into which they all descended—an incident which, slight as it was, served to take off the hard edge of convention, and afforded the visitor, in the fairy fountain and the miniature fernery it sprinkled with its spray, topics of conversation somewhat less insipid than the weather.

At all events, the little party "got on" with the new arrival beyond all expectation, and by the time they were summoned in to dinner (which I fear was a little late), the guest would have felt quite at home but that in offering his arm to Mrs. Helston he forgot that it held his crush hat, and dropped it into the fountain among the gold-fish, to his (and their) extreme confusion.

The gold-fish, however, suggested the precious metals, and from that moment the conversation never languished; for far from "sinking the shop," Mr. Signet was never weary of descanting upon gems and gold and jewels, about which (until that evening) he flattered himself that he had a monopoly of information almost as precious as the topic itself.

"Speaking of diamonds," said Amy, after some talk upon that sparkling topic, "you can of course answer a question, Mr. Signet, that was put to me to-day by one of my pupils."

"Your pupils?"

"Yes; I am a governess" (Mr. Signet stared with as much surprise as if she had said, "I am a Mormon," yet, strange to say, the confession did not humiliate his fair neighbor in his eyes; a crude idea was already beginning to form itself in his mind which made the fact rather agreeable to him than otherwise). "My pupils expect me to be a cyclopedia of learning," she went on, "and yet I could not tell them what a rose diamond was. I am ashamed to say I thought of saying 'it is a diamond of the same color as a rose'; that would have been very wrong, would it not?"

"It would have been incorrect, Miss Thurlow," said Mr. Signet, in a tone in which pomposity (from the consciousness of knowledge) and gentleness (from his admiration of his neighbor's charms) were strangely mingled. "The rose diamond is a hemisphere covered with small facets so as somewhat to resemble that flower."

"An invention attributed to Cardinal Mazarin," observed Uncle Stephen, "but, as I dare say Mr. Signet will tell us, which has a more ancient origin."

"Yes, indeed, sir," returned the jeweller, with more, however, of adhesion to another's opinion than confidence in his own. "I think Italy has the precedence of France in this matter."

"No doubt; and India was still earlier in the field," assented Uncle Stephen; "Tavernier describes the majority of Aurungzeb's diamonds as being rose cut."

"To be sure, to be sure," said Mr. Signet, who, however, had never heard of Aurungzeb's name—at all events, in that number of syllables.

"Then there was another question which puzzled me," resumed Amy; "as to the exact description of a touch-stone."

"It is a black jasper," observed the jeweller; "the best specimens come from India."

"But its attributes?" continued Amy. "Is it true that by rubbing any ore upon it, its nature can be distinguished?"

"Well, well, no; that is what one may call legendary: a little of the philosopher's stone, eh, Mr. Durham?" for he saw that Uncle Stephen's eye had significance in it.

"The powers of the touch-stone have no doubt been much exaggerated," observed the gentleman appealed to, "though they have obtained it its classical name of Paragonius, or comparative—whence by a strange transition we get our word paragon, by-the-bye, with a widely different meaning. The Italian goldsmiths, however, put the touch-stone to practical use. They rub the gold to be assayed on it, and likewise another piece of gold with whose standard they are acquainted;

on the two streaks thus left, aqua regia is poured, and if the solvent produces the same effect, it proves the two pieces of the same standard. Nowadays, no doubt, you have much simpler and more trustworthy tests."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Mr. Signet. "All is not gold that glitters, you know, Miss Thurlow; and we know pretty well what we are about."

"You would not be taken in," pursued Uncle Stephen, smiling, "like the jeweller at Florence who parted with 'the Austrian'—a double rose, by-the-bye—for a mere trifle, because it was so yellow that he took it for a colored crystal. It is now in the Vienna regalia, and the largest cut diamond in Europe after the Orloff."

"Quite true, quite true," assented Mr. Signet; "still, the yellow tinge was against it. The 'King of Portugal' diamond, said to be as big as a hen's egg, is on the same account 'suspected of being a topaz.'"

"I like that phrase, 'suspected of being a topaz!'" laughed Uncle Stephen; "it sounds quite like a criminal imputation, and in your eyes, Mr. Signet, no doubt it is so."

"Well, yes, sir," returned the jeweller, not quite perceiving whither the other was driving; "in our establishment we go in only for what is genuine. We call things by their right names, do we not, Mr. Helston?"

Matthew, to whom the topic was distasteful, and to say truth, whose mind, as it always did when left to itself, was wandering in the perilous neighborhood of "Madge," of course corroborated his employer's statement, but with such slowness and hesitation that it would have left the impression upon strangers that at least half the jewels in the shop in Paulet Street were paste.

"And yet, I suppose, you and my husband could imitate diamonds if you chose; I mean if you were wicked enough, Mr. Signet," observed Mrs. Helston.

"Indeed I could not do anything of the kind," said Matthew, precipitately. His wife had felt that he was dropping out of the conversation, and her pride, perhaps, had resented it; but for once she had been ill judged in this attempt to restore the balance of power.

"That is not in Mr. Helston's line," explained the jeweller, coldly. "His work is more mechanical."

"I am glad of that," said Amy, curtly; "I had rather ever so much be mechanical than imaginative—if that means making sham jewels to resemble real ones."

"But we don't do that—indeed we don't," pleaded Mr. Signet (he always spoke of his firm as "we," like royalty), though it only consisted of himself. "I only mean that we could imitate false diamonds if we tried, as readily as we can discern their falseness when folks endeavor to palm them off upon us for real ones."

"The iridescence is the difficulty, is it not?" inquired Uncle Stephen.

"Oh no; we have chemical means—a little fluoric acid."

"Upon my word it looks very suspicious," laughed Amy. Mr. Signet "iridesced" himself a little—turned, that is, all sorts of colors—and yet he was by no means irritated; Amy's laugh was so musical to his ears that he forgave the imputation that caused it.

"Time will soon tell upon paste," he answered, simply, "and expose all such malpractices."

"Yet the garnets and emeralds in the cup of Chosroes (supposed to have been that of King Solomon himself) were held for a thousand years to be genuine," remarked Uncle Stephen, "till modern criticism pronounced them paste and crystal."

"Yes, yes, it is the march of intellect that does it," answered Mr. Signet, inconsequentially; "we moderns are not easily gulled."

"But when you are, you are proportionately angry," laughed Uncle Stephen. "You would not let off a culprit so easily as Gallienus did in the case of the gentleman who cheated his empress by selling her false jewels for real ones."

Mr. Signet would have said, "No, indeed," if he dared; as it was, he had the modesty to ask what punishment the emperor had inflicted.

"Well, he adjudged the poor wretch to be thrown naked to the lions; and when he stood trembling in the arena, the door of the den was opened, and out strutted—a capon. '*Imposturam fecit et passus est*' ('he has cheated, and has now been cheated himself'), said the emperor."

"The lions ought to have had him," observed the jeweller, with professional indignation.

"I am sure you don't mean that, Mr. Signet," said Amy, reproachfully.

And Mr. Signet, on reconsideration, and under that gentle pressure, acknowledged that he did not mean it.

The little dinner was faultless, yet that, perhaps, was the only merit of the entertainment which the guest failed to appreciate; he had been too long accustomed to confuse costliness with goodness to understand that matter. Yet doubtless if he had known that it was Amy's hands which had so skillfully made the salad and mixed the claret-cup, her meed of praise would not have been wanting. It was plain to all but herself that he was exceedingly struck with Amy—a circumstance we may be sure which did not put Matthew in better humor; and of course it was difficult to inform Mr. Signet that all his attentions must needs be thrown away, on account of a certain previous arrangement, which would have been obvious enough to him, had the size of their table, and indeed the little dining-room itself, admitted of the presence of Mr. Philip Barlow.

Perhaps it was the sense of contrast, in view of his humble surroundings, or perhaps it was his own natural love of the magnificent, that set Mr. Signet off, in reply to a question of Mrs. Helston's, upon the relative values of crown jewels.

He was so good as to inform them that the "Pitt" or "Regent" diamond had probably fetched the most money of any single stone in modern times. The mere cutting of it had cost £5000, and after much haggling it had been purchased by the Regent Orleans for £135,000—a price supposed to be less than one-third of its value. Next to that was the "Orloff," for which the prince of that name gave £90,000 in money, an annuity of £4000 a year during the seller's lifetime, and a patent of nobility into the bargain.

"But after all," observed Uncle Stephen, "we moderns are prudent in our expenditures in these matters, as compared with the rich men of old. The Romans carried their services of plate with them, we are told, on their remotest expeditions. Pliny tells us that Pompeius Paulinus, though only the son of a Roman knight—afterward, by-the-bye, disinherited, and no wonder—took 12,000 pounds weight of plate about with him when campaigning—an amount of barrack furniture in that way which would astonish the members of our most 'crack' corps. In a later age Joseph I. of Portugal had twenty diamond buttons, each worth £5000, which he wore all at once on his state waistcoat."

"It should have been a strait-waistcoat," cried Amy, disdainfully.

"Why?" inquired Mr. Signet. "Surely, my dear young lady" (for by this time he had paid a great deal of attention not only to her, but to the claret-cup), "it is not unbecoming for kings to manifest, and as it were to typify, their exalted rank by the wearing of these priceless treasures. Indeed, but for them and persons like them, how could jewellers live?"

Over Amy's face there flitted an expression which had its counterpart in words in the famous "*Je ne vois pas la nécessité*," but it passed in an instant, and Uncle Stephen, with a smile, observed: "What Miss Thurlow had in her mind, I think, was something of this kind, 'Could not those buttons have been sold for much, and given to the poor?'—an idea commendable enough in itself, but, as we know on high authority, not always to be put in practice. One might add that one can not expect young ladies to be students of political economy, only that I remember Miss Thurlow is a student of everything. She pretends sometimes, like Miss Rosa Dartle, to ask questions, for information's sake, about this and that, but it is my belief that in reality she knows all about them. I should not wonder if she had the whole history of gems, for instance, at her finger-ends, though she affects to despise them."

"Really, dear Mr. Durham, you are too bad," said Amy, blushing; "Mr. Signet, who does not know you so well as we do, will be taking your word for it that I am a blue-stocking, or something equally dreadful."

"I should take nobody's word for *that*," observed Mr. Signet, emphatically, and with a look of tenderness toward the young lady that was almost too much for her sister's gravity. "But do you *really* understand gems, Miss Thurlow?"

"Certainly not," answered she; "I have never seen any—out of a museum—that I can remember."

"Well, here is one, the merits of which every one can understand without study," observed Mr. Signet, taking a ring from his finger. "It is called a tree-agate, because, as you see, Nature has represented trees on it, and in this case even a whole landscape to boot. There are mountains, rivers, trees, and clouds, you see; that is, you *can* see, with the help of a little imagination."

"Dear me, how very curious!" exclaimed Amy. "It is, as you say, a perfect picture."

"In the British Museum," observed Uncle Stephen, "there is a pebble with an exact likeness of Chaucer on it, and at Strawberry Hill another with one of Voltaire. The agate is famous for such phenomena, though in old times it was still more prized for its supposed faculty of securing the love of the fair sex. Is that your experience, Mr. Signet?"

"Dear me, sir! I, sir? No, sir," stammered the jeweller. "I never heard of such a thing."

"You have found the diamond to have greater powers in that way, no doubt," laughed Uncle Stephen.

"Well, ladies do prefer diamonds to agates, no doubt, and I have seen them look very gracious over a cadeau of the former. It is my belief that some ladies—such as Lady Pargiter—value their diamonds a good deal higher than their husbands."

"She is a very disagreeable woman, I understand," observed Mrs. Helston.

"Well, your husband finds her very unpleasant. I want to have a word or two with you about that presently, Mrs. Helston," he added in an undertone. "But these very rich people, you see, can afford to be unpleasant; and one's only resource is to take care they pay one for it."

This was an observation which Mr. Signet would certainly never have made could he have forecast the ominous silence that followed it. He experienced the sensation of having put his foot in a hole of unprecedented depth, without quite perceiving how it had happened: he thought he had been merely unlucky; but especially did he curse his luck in that he had just frustrated an attempt of the two ladies to leave the table for the drawing-room, and persuaded them to stay. If this remark, which seemed to have taken everybody so aback, had only been let fall before the men, he would not have cared a farthing: so jealous was he getting of his reputation in a certain quarter.

"I suppose Lady Pargiter's diamonds are really very valuable?" observed Uncle Stephen, after a long pause.

"Yes, they are, Mr. Durham," answered the jeweller, in a tone that was almost plaintive, by comparison with that in which he usually spoke of "the parure." "With the exception of some half a dozen similar sets, there is nothing in Europe—I may say in the world" (for he was warming with his subject) "to be compared with them in value. No commoner in England, if I may so designate a baronet's wife, possesses the like. And as I have often said to your nephew, if the responsibility he incurs is great, upon his expeditions to Moor Street, the trustworthiness implied in such a service is of the highest order."

"I don't think Matthew is likely to run away with the diamonds," observed Mr. Durham, smiling, but a little stiffly.

"Oh no—oh dear no. I am sure we have every confidence in him. Indeed, we don't know how we could ever place it elsewhere. That is partly what I came about—that is, I mean" (a cold perspiration began to bedew him like that which is fabled to affect the topaz when its owner is about to get into trouble), "I intended to speak of it before I left you. Mr. Helston talks of declining the commission for the future, which would be very detrimental to our interests. Now, as you were so kind as to introduce him to us, Mr. Durham, I hoped to pursuade you to say a word in season; that is, if it wasn't too much trouble." And Mr. Signet fairly took out his handkerchief and mopped his face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GENERAL GRANT IN CUBA.

To the traveller who sets out for the first time to make a tour of the island of Cuba there is seemingly no end of curious things to be seen in city and country. Especially is this true in the case of distinguished visitors, who are taken everywhere, and shown everything that is worth seeing. Some of the sights and scenes incident to General GRANT'S tour through this picturesque region of the world have already been given in the WEEKLY. To-day two additional pages are devoted to illustrations of the same subject.

Among the places visited soon after leaving Havana, were the famous sulphur baths of San Diego in the province of Pinar del Rio, one hundred miles southwest of the Cuban capital. The most remarkable feature of the journey was a ride in the queerest of vehicles, known as a volante. No description can do these carriages justice, because one can find no fitting comparisons among all the inventions of man in the line of wheeled conveyances. The volante stands *sui generis*, and truly its virtues must be tested to be fully appreciated. It has the merit of improving upon acquaintance. A pair of very large wheels, perhaps seven feet in diameter, and proportionately heavy, revolve upon an axle, from which spring two thills, very long, and with a depressed curve. Well forward of the wheels, and suspended by straps, hangs the body of the vehicle, covered and aproned to keep out the sun. A space of some six feet is allowed between the dash-board and thill-horse, this animal being flanked by others, which are secured to the rig by ropes. Sometimes only one horse, and at others from two to six, are attached. The foremost vehicle in our picture has an extra horse provided for the hilly country. On this animal the caballero sits, and plies his whip unceasingly. The horses are small, shaggy, and innocent of curry-comb or vanities of any sort; but they have plenty of go in them, and the way they roll the volantes along the ground is something surprising.

An amusing incident of the stay at San Diego was a ball given by the natives. Seats were placed at the head of the room for the American guests. The señoritas sat facing the caballeros, and the uninvited population blocked the doors and windows. A mandolin, guitar, and guira—the latter being a gourd, from the roughened side of which a pensive Cuban managed to extract a rasping monotone—gave the step to the "Zapateo." This dance is a sort of double-shuffle, vis-à-vis to partner, advancing and retreating, to the endless drone of the music, until one or the other signs enough. The men were dressed in white field suits, wore their sombreros and murderous machetos or long knives, and jingled spurs from their heels. Some of the creole belles were quite pretty, and all were graceful dancers.

The leading occupation of many of the people in Cuban towns is happily hit off by our artist in the picture of the San Diego lounger who, with chair tipped back, sits and sleeps the sunny hours away before the tavern door.

The season of the Carnival in Havana opens on Sunday, and continues for three days with great display, and long after its close scattered groups of masqueraders may be seen upon the streets. Everybody, of high or low degree alike, is expected to manifest some outward sign of festive interest on the occasion. The poor islander who can not afford a carriage in which to join the grand parade, decks himself and his family in trappings to suit his taste or humor, and stands among the spectators. The more fortunate possessor of a vehicle, either owned or hired, crowds his wife and children therein, and does his best to throw dull care to the dogs. The mere procession of vehicles, over a well-defined route of several miles each day, is the distinctive feature of the Cuban Carnival. There are no allegorical flats, such as are seen on similar occasions at New Orleans, Mobile, Memphis, or St. Louis. There is no apparent attempt at organization. It is a good-humored and gayly clad army on wheels.

A surprising number of vehicles and teams of the richest character are noted in the parade, including all of the favorite forms of equipage to be met in our Northern parks. The ladies appear dressed as for a ball, without hats, and *en train*. Perhaps the most attractive feature of the occasion to the stranger is the large number of beautiful faces seen *en passant*, for pretty women will not mask even at a Carnival.

The evening finds the paseos and parks filled with a richly costumed crowd ready for play and prank, taking and giving with equally good humor. Balls occur in various parts of the city, and he is a moderate cavalier who unbuckles his rapier and washes off his powder before the dawn of day.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

EXPERIENCE TEACHES.

BELLE. "This holly in my hair wants a little relief—it's too red."

AUNTY. "Well, why not put in a sprig or two of mistletoe, dear?"

BELLE. "Nonsense, aunty. Why, I should have all the young men kissing me."

AUNTY. "Indeed, no, my dear; they'd do nothing of the kind. I've tried 'em."

The lisping Christian thus defended her pronunciation: "Doethn't our minithter direct our thtepth in the narrow path? Ithn't he, then, our pathter?"

Are drums sold by the pound?

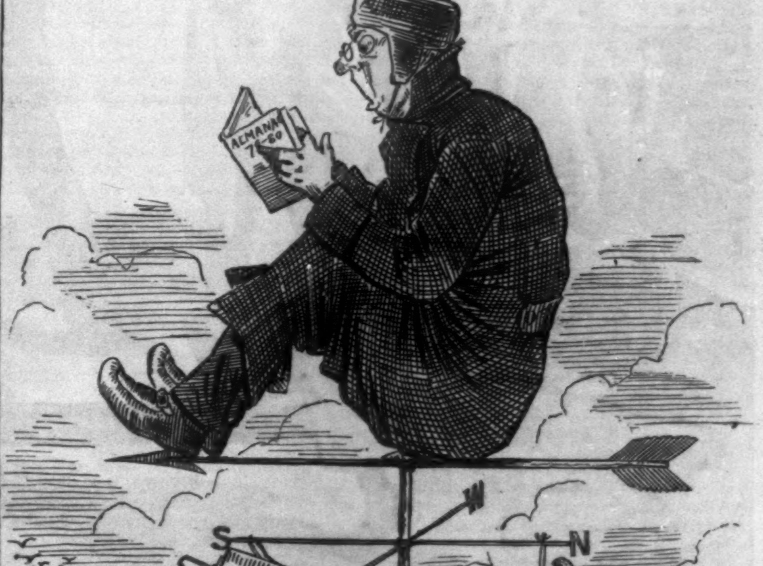
"I ordered a dozen oysters," said the blonde young man with the helmet hat, "and here are only eleven. Will you kindly elucidate?" "I will," replied the obliging restaurateur. "There is a certain superstition prevalent in good society against thirteen at table; and so—you see—eh?"

HOW TO DROWN A CAT—In the water pitch her.

PRINCIPAL (*drawing out his watch, to an unpunctual clerk*). "Mr. Johnson, it is already half past nine."

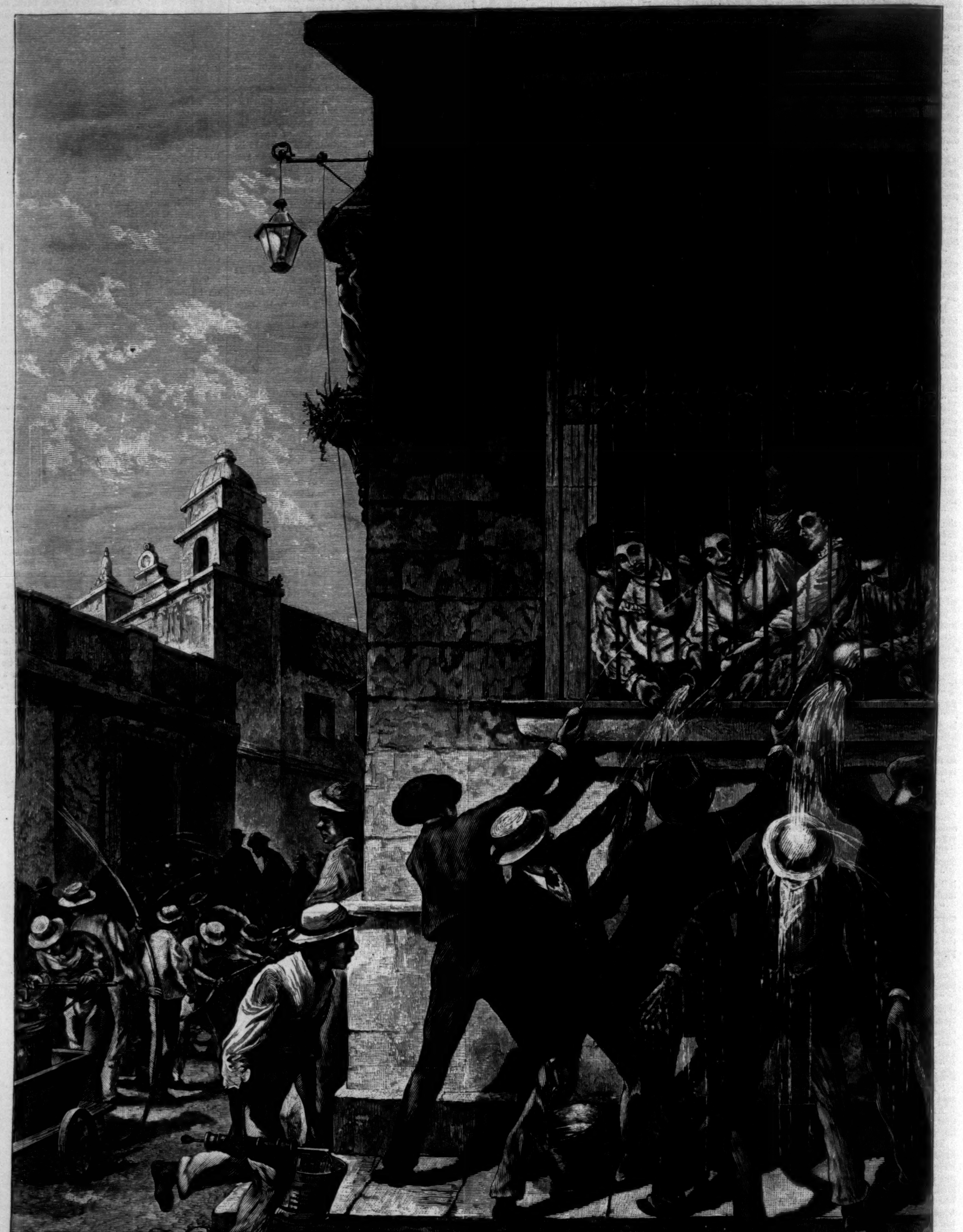
CLERK (*drawing out his watch, and looking at it*). "Agrees precisely, sir."

"This ear-ring needs repairing, love,
Before it getteth worse,
And that it may not be forgot,
Pray put it in your purse."
The action to the word he suits,
Thus making chance to tell her,
"You can not now deny that I'm
A purse-of-ear-ring feller."

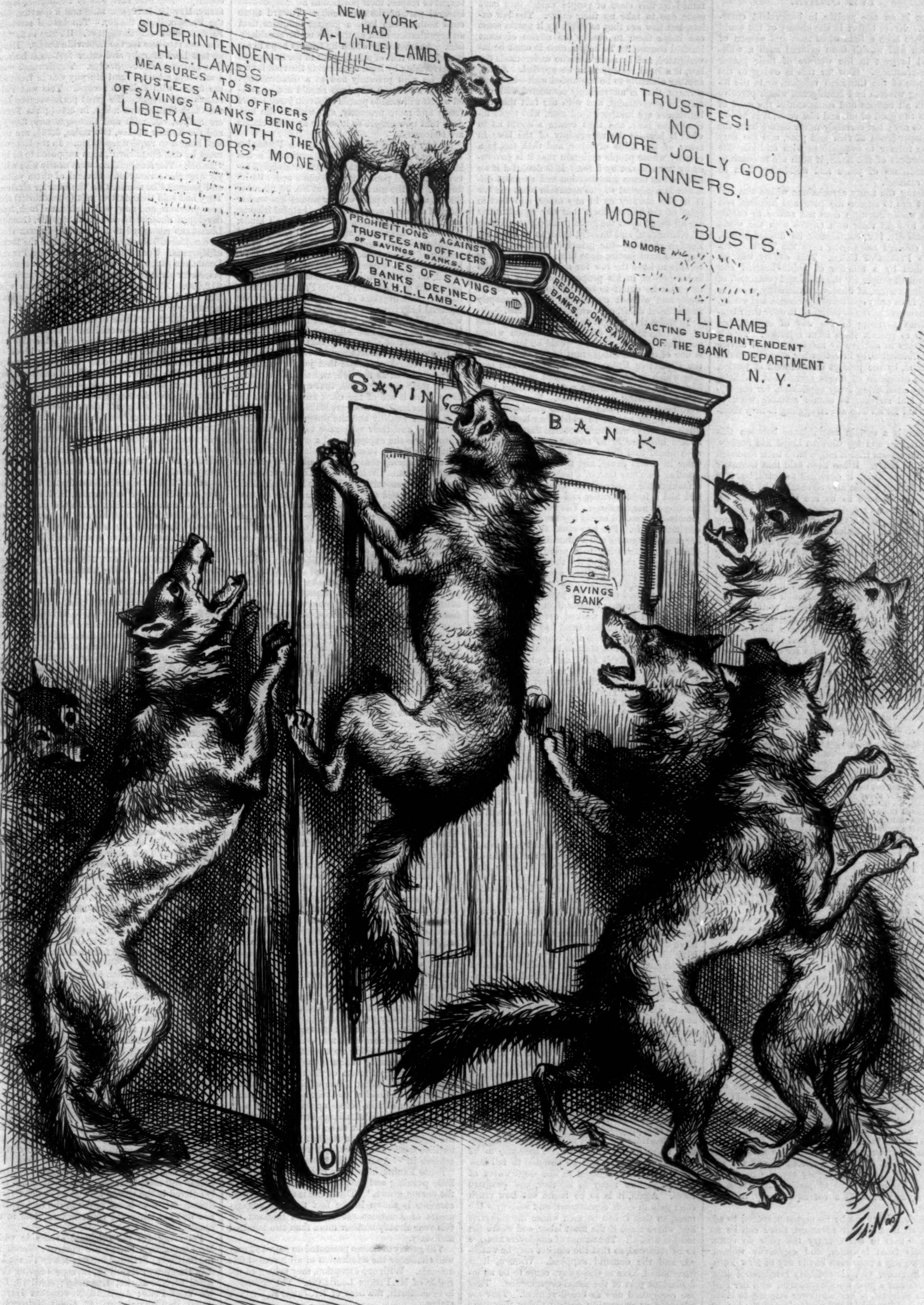


OUT OF HIS RECKONING.

OLD PROB. "Well, here's a nice state of things! I've turned over two leaves together in my almanac, and have consequently been using the watering-pot instead of the snow-caster."



THE CARNIVAL IN CENTRAL AMERICA.—Drawn by P. Frenzeny.—[See Page 158.]


SUPERINTENDENT
H. L. LAMB'S
MEASURES TO STOP
TRUSTEES AND OFFICERS
OF SAVINGS BANKS BEING
LIBERAL WITH THE
DEPOSITORS' MONEY
NEW YORK
HAD
A-L(ITTLE) LAMB.
TRUSTEES!
NO
MORE JOLLY GOOD
DINNERS.
NO
MORE "BUSTS."
NO MORE
H. L. LAMB
ACTING SUPERINTENDENT
OF THE BANK DEPARTMENT
N. Y.
PROHIBITIONS AGAINST
TRUSTEES AND OFFICERS
OF SAVINGS BANKS.
DUTIES OF SAVINGS
BANKS DEFINED
BY H. L. LAMB.
REPORT ON SAVINGS
BANKS. H. L. LAMB
SAVINGS
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SAVINGS
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Th. Nast.

A FABLE WHICH IS NOT ALL A FABLE,

SHOWING HOW A LAMB, BY NOT BEING A BLACK SHEEP, DID THWART THE PACK OF WOLVES WHICH CAN BE FOUND AT NEARLY EVERY SAVINGS-BANK DOOR.

WORKING-WOMEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION.

This is an age prolific in benevolent enterprises. Never before in the history of the world has there been a time when men and women of position and wealth have evinced such a wide-spread interest in the welfare of their poorer fellow-creatures. How far this is owing to the influence of the Christian religion, or to the increasing wisdom and intelligence which perceive that in all nations and communities the good of one is the good of all, and *vice versa*, it is impossible to say; but certainly never before have the interdependence of rich and poor, and the duty of the former to sympathize with and alleviate the burdens of the latter, if both are to continue in conditions of peace and well-being, been so fully realized.

Among the many associations whose aim and object are to succor the poor and helpless, and those whose strength does not suffice to enable them to fight their own battles with the world successfully, few, considering its limited means, have effected more good than the Working-women's Protective Union. This society was established by a number of noble-hearted and benevolent people for the relief and protection of working-women, of whatever nationality, creed, or color, from every species of oppression and wrong. Its members have not designed to offer their beneficiaries anything in the way of charity, but simply to protect them from injustice. This it endeavors to achieve by furnishing legal advice and information, by investigating every complaint of fraud, by the prompt enforcement of justice, by the collection of wages earned but withheld, and by considering every application for employment, and striving to obtain suitable work or other aid for all who are struggling to help themselves.

There is a certain resemblance between this organization and the German Legal Aid Society, which suggests that it might have been modelled upon the latter. It has been said that Germany is a country which is governed to death, but it is one in which justice may be obtained by the poor in equal measure as by the rich. It was the want of that care, doubtless, which a paternal government, with a vast and intricate machinery at its command, endeavors to exercise over its lowest subjects, that induced wealthy and thoughtful Germans to establish in New York a society for the benefit of their fellow-countrymen who come to our shores as poor emigrants. These men, who are among the most intelligent and law-abiding of our citizens, claim that however unjust the laws of the different states of Germany before it was one great empire may have been, the administration of those laws was always most exact. They say that there has been justice between man and man for centuries back through every state, and that it has therefore created in the mass of the people the consciousness that if they have a wrong to complain of, the proper authority will give them redress. There is an anecdote familiar to many, but it illustrates this principle so admirably that it will do to quote it once more:

> Frederick the Great built himself the castle of Sans Souci, near Potsdam, and adjoining the grounds there was a mill property which the king wanted for the purpose of extending the parks surrounding his beautiful palace, and he sought to purchase it through his agents from the miller, to whom and whose ancestors it had belonged for many years. The miller refused to sell; said no, his parents had lived there; his grandparents had lived there; he had lived there very well himself; he was satisfied with it. The king offered him three times the value of the property; but the miller was obstinate, and would not sell. Finally the king sent for him—and Frederick the Great was known not to be very pleasant in his manner, particularly when he was angry. He was in great wrath, and he walked about with his cane, ready to make the miller feel bodily, if he should refuse to sell to him his property. He peremptorily requested the miller to be seated, saying to him: "Now I offer to you three times the value of your mill. I must have it; and if you will not sell it to me, I shall take it."
>
> But the miller was very quiet, and looked up into his Majesty's face. "But, your Majesty, you will not do it."
>
> "But I will," he says. "Why not?"
>
> "Because I shall sue you before the Chancery Court," the miller said.
>
> And that was the end of the matter. Frederick the Great, the great autocrat, the monarch who ruled Prussia with an iron hand, did not dare to do an act which would have been so outrageous that a court of justice would have condemned him.

Our German friends insist that when their countrymen come to our shores as mechanics, or farmers, or laboring-men, they bring with them this sense of the prevalence of justice. But when they have been here a short time, all, or many of them at least, very soon find that they are deceived, wronged, or cheated in some way or another, and when they attempt to obtain justice, perhaps they will not succeed in getting it. Some cunning, cynical neighbor of the poor man, who has had the same experience, will say to him: "This is the land of humbug. Do not suppose that you can get justice done here in that way. Do as the smart Yankees do, and you will prosper." In this way, they say, the poor emigrant loses the sense of justice with which he came, and becomes a correspondingly bad citizen.

Although we are by no means prepared to admit all that is thus advanced, there can be no doubt that in our country the poor do suffer greatly from injustice, and especially women. Where can a poor man in the city of New York, for instance, with his ordinary intelligence only, where can a poor working-woman, with her children at home, if her employer attempt to cheat her, find the shield and protection of the law, or learn the redress for that wrong, unless some one aids her? If she even know enough to make her complaint, for a few dollars she will perhaps be confronted by a lawyer retained by the employer to make the most of the case against the poor woman, and the chances are that unless she have a lawyer herself she will be defrauded, through some technicality, of what is her just due. There is really very little justice to be obtained by this class of people unless they have some one to take up their cause. The law exists, but how are they to profit by it unless some one helps them to obtain the advice of some learned counsel? To help a case it must be investigated, and by some one who understands the law, if a legal remedy is to be applied. Again, another difficulty to be contended with—and one, perhaps, that is unavoidably connected with our form of government, and with the fact that our legislators are inexperienced men, who make incongruous laws, and thus create a doubt as to what is law—is the uncertainty of the laws in many of the fields of labor, and that, too, in a country whose people maintain that it is governed by law and not by force. It is doubtful if we have not as much complication and as great difficulty in a general way to ascertain what the law is in this country as in any other, and that in spite of the proud boast that our constitutions are all based upon the great principle underlying all civilization, and brought down to us from the English charters—the principle that every man ought to have justice done him; that he ought to be able to have the law for any injury done him in his person, in his property, or in his character; that he ought to be able to obtain justice freely and without purchasing it, and promptly and without delay, conformably to the law.

To make this "ought to be" a fact in the case of unprotected and unfortunate women whose personal appeal to the law would be impossible, is one of the most important of the tasks which the Protective Union has set itself. The success which it has met so far can not be better illustrated than by citing a few instances published in its latest annual report. Two little girls were book-folders, and had been dismissed without the $2 65 and $1 16 which they had earned. Their employer was much incensed that the Union should interfere in so trifling a matter, but he soon found that discretion would be better than valor in a bad cause, and the money was paid. Another case was that of a poor girl employed by a fashionable dress-maker. She was very poor, and had a feeble mother and a sick brother depending on her earnings. The five dollars a week promised her would barely buy the commonest necessities of life. For two weeks the payments to her were postponed under plausible excuses, and when want drove her to a positive demand for her money at the end of the third week, she was met by an equally positive averment that she must complete her engagement "for the season" before she could expect any payment—that they *never* made payments oftener than once a month, and she had not yet worked even that. What could she do? The last crust had been eaten—they were starving while this employer owed her fifteen dollars! The Matron loaned her enough to procure one day's food, and found her other employment, for which she received the money, not excuses, and her claim was put in the law's ponderous mill. The mill ground slowly, but the employer was at last brought face to face with his victim, and the latter received her money.

A third instance, which shows more clearly than any other the value of the aid rendered by the Union, is that of a poor woman named Porter, who on her own account appealed to the law, and found its representative not less of a scoundrel than the employer who endeavored to defraud her of her just due. Mrs. Porter was employed, a year ago, in New York, by a prominent Commissioner in preparing certain rolls of voters, and in rendering other clerical assistance precedent to the election; but the Commissioner did not think that a woman needed pay for her work, and avoided it. A Broadway lawyer whom she sought offered to prosecute the claim free of charge, and she placed it in his hands. While the suit was in progress, Mrs. Porter arranged for removing her home to far-off Colorado. Just before leaving New York she learned that her lawyer had obtained judgment and recovered the money from the Commissioner; but she was at last obliged to leave the city without it, and to content herself with his promise to forward it in a short time. But the money was never sent. The lawyer proved as great a swindler as had the Commissioner. Having heard of the Union, and of its care for the interests of working-women, Mrs. Porter wrote there, giving her experiences, and asking for such help as could be afforded. Proceedings were promptly taken against the lawyer. For a time he evaded and made promises; but when the legal forms had been completed, and he found exposure and disbarment imminent, he sent the money.

The work that has been done by the Protective Union during the sixteen years of its existence is a noble one, and there will be no limits to its usefulness if one-half of the programme which its friends sketch for it can be carried out in the future. It is proposed that a part of its work shall be to ascertain the exact number of working-women there are in New York. These are to be classified, so that it will be possible to tell how many there are engaged in one department of labor, and how many in another, and compare them. Again, it is to be found out how much each gets in each department, and who gets the most, so that it can be seen where the difficulty lies, where there is the most labor, and where the most is needed. The names of employers also are to be recorded, so that the market may be watched, and the demand supplied. Women, it is maintained, have in these days come to be an independent part of the social organization. They are recognized now as bread-winners. They are regarded as possessing certain rights they have never had before, and are therefore entitled to certain protection and certain laws. The necessity of their laboring is understood, and they are fitting themselves to the condition. Women are doing the work of clerks, and they are found in nearly all telegraphic offices. Other avenues are being opened, and their rights as workers should be protected, their pay regulated according to the value of the work performed, and they themselves taught to respect their position as an independent integral part of the community. Toward these ends nothing can have a greater influence than an organization such as the one under consideration. Another duty which its friends hope to see it perform is that of pointing out to the State ways of performing by legal enactments the task it now struggles with privately and at a disadvantage. There is no reason why laws should not be passed which will enable people to obtain justice more freely and more promptly, and without the burdens that now adhere to it so far as small claims are concerned.

So far, not the least good that the Protective Union has accomplished is the sentiment it has inculcated and the relations it has established between rich and poor that have come under its influence. In the modest rooms at No. 38 Bleecker Street, where the poor worker makes known her story of wrong to sympathetic and helpful friends, are received applications for help of all kinds, the society having an agency for the supply of teachers, seamstresses, dress-makers, and every branch of female labor outside of household service. Here also come wealthy visitors, who, it is hoped, do not fail to leave behind them substantial tokens of good-will; for the Protective Union, like other institutions of its kind, depends upon material help from its friends to carry on its good work. That its work is a good one, one of the best ever set in motion, all must allow. There is about it none of the charity that enables people to throw their burdens upon others. It is based upon the simple principle that justice exists for the poor as well as the rich, and should be placed within their reach. Those that exert themselves to so place it are of the class among which the extortioner and oppressor are looked for. The very fact of the wealthy and the prosperous spending their time and their substance to assist the less fortunate to the enjoyment of a common right is of itself sufficient to establish relations of sympathy and harmony that can not fail to be of great value to both. "When we stand forward in an organized community," writes the Rev. John Hall, "the richest and the best people in the community taking their place in the work; when we throw the shield of protection over the poor working people; when we tell them that their cause is our cause, that their griefs grieve us, that their wrongs wrong us, that we are willing to give our time and effort and money to redress their wrongs, and to avert these grievances that oppress them—we are doing something to make these working people feel that the men of property are not their natural enemies; that the people who have means and substance are not their foes, but their friends; that we have one common interest; and that we are to stand together, each seeking to be just and upright and fair to his fellow, in the various places and relations in which it has pleased God to put us. On the ground, therefore, not merely of simple natural justice which we demand for these working people, but upon the broader and wider ground of a wise and intelligent public policy, it is good and proper for us to extend, in effective operation, such an honest, benevolent agency as that which is before you."

OUR RACE-HORSES IN ENGLAND.

At last English turf-men are beginning to place American-bred race-horses on an equality with their own thorough-breds. For twenty-four years, since Mr. Richard Ten Broeck took Lecompte, Prior, and Prioress across the Atlantic for the purpose of trying to clutch the highest honors of the English turf from the native racers, Englishmen have looked upon our horses as inferior to their own, and have handicapped them accordingly, liberally giving them the lightest weights. Up to the splendid triumphs of Parole, this concession to American horses was about fourteen pounds. Now, however, our horses are carefully weighed in the balance, and the full measure of weight assigned them. This places us on equal terms, with the advantage, if any, on the side of the Englishmen; for the change from the blue-grass nursery of our blooded horses, across the blue billows to the frequently fog-covered downs around Newmarket, is not calculated to improve our stock to any great extent.

Notwithstanding the risk and expense of sending thorough-breds across the sea, several of our leading turf-men are filling up stables at Newmarket which are beginning to arouse the attention, if not the admiration, of lovers of the rare old English sport of horse-racing. One of the greatest turf authorities in London said recently: "Mr. Lorillard's team of race-horses appears to have been the advance guard of a large army of American horses coming to fight us on our own ground for the richest prizes of the English turf. Their enterprise deserves success, and we hope they may achieve it." Another influential authority says, "These Yankee horses are likely to prove just a little puzzling and perplexing to the backers as the season grows." That there is cause for these surmises is shown in the fact that the engagements of American race-horses in England for this year already number more than two hundred and sixty.

The galaxy of horses presented on page 157 may well challenge the admiration of all lovers of fine animals. With one exception, they belong to the stable of Mr. Pierre Lorillard. The exception is Spendthrift, the hero of Mr. James R. Keene's stable.

The central figure, Falsetto, is a grand young giant of the turf. He is by Enquirer, the sire of eighteen of last year's winners. His dam, Farfaletta, is a daughter of Australian, and there are strains of Lexington and Leamington blood in his veins. Falsetto was foaled in 1876 in Kentucky. He did not run as a two-year-old. As a three-year-old he shot out like a meteor from a group of the fastest youngsters that ever raced in this country. His first race was in Lexington, Kentucky, May 10, 1879, one mile and a quarter, for the Phœnix Hotel Stakes. Ten horses started. Falsetto was hardly thought of. He won in 2.08¾. His next race was for the Louisville Derby. Here he met Lord Murphy and other first-class horses that had won as two-year-olds. The distance was a mile and a half. Lord Murphy was in front at the finish, with Falsetto second. This was Falsetto's only defeat. His great performances for the Clark Stakes, two miles, in 3.40½; the Travers Stakes, one mile and three-quarters, 3.09¼; and the Kenner Stakes, two miles, 3.35¼, are too well known to require repetition. In the last two races he met Spendthrift, then supposed to be invincible. The Kentuckians were nearly wild with joy over these victories. Several of them yelled and jumped like maniacs on the quarter stretch. They had sold their fastest colt (Spendthrift) the year previous, and now, with their usual luck, had developed another to vanquish it. Mr. George Lorillard remarked to his brother Pierre that he considered Falsetto a better colt than the Duke of Magenta. Upon this representation Mr. Pierre Lorillard purchased Falsetto, paying the highest price ever given for a three-year-old in America—$18,000. Mr. M. H. Sanford, a gentleman who has had large experience in running American horses over English turf, said to the writer last spring that if the Duke of Magenta had kept in the proper form, he would have astonished the Englishmen more than Parole did. He also expressed his belief that a horse with the blood of Lexington in his veins would yet capture the coveted English Derby. Possibly the beautiful bay may garter his white stockings with the precious blue ribbon of the English turf.

Spendthrift is a great chestnut colt. He was foaled in 1876, and bred on the vast Alexander farm, in the heart of the blue-grass region. He was sired by imported Australian, dam Aerolite, by Lexington. He was a wonderful two-year-old, winning all his races, five in number. His best two-year-old performance was a mile race for colts and fillies, in which he defeated Lord Murphy, now his stable companion, in 1.44¼. Last year, as a three-year-old, he started eight times, winning five races, and coming in second in the others. In one race in which he came in second he was almost pulled to a stand-still in order to allow his stable companion to win, which was allowable under the rules. He was really entitled to six victories. Falsetto was the only horse that could get in front of him. Even then it was claimed that Spendthrift was not himself in his last races. This has been partly confirmed by the fact that he was sent back to Kentucky, where his feet have recovered their original soundness, and his thews and sinews filled out to an extent that augurs well for an increase of his wonderful speed, endurance, and ability to carry the topmost weights. He is to be sent across the Atlantic in April. The other members of the galaxy are at Newmarket, in full vigor.

Sly Dance is a wonderful filly. She is a large chestnut, not very rich in color, but has all the marks of form which experienced horsemen claim indicate great speed and endurance. She is by War Dance, a son of Lexington. Last season, in her two-year-old form, she ran four races, heading the squadron of young bloods in three, and coming in second in the fourth, when she was beaten by her stable companion, Mistake, in a mile run, in the fast time of 1.43½.

Mistake is a chestnut colt, unpretentious in size, but has plenty of muscle, tendon, and bone. He is of fair length, with wide hips and immense quarters. He was sired by Waverley, son of Australian. Last year he headed the list of Waverley's winners, starting six times, coming in first in three races, and second in one.

Wallenstein is a handsome chestnut colt, with high head and arched neck. He is also a son of Waverley and a Lexington matron. He started in six contests last season, as a two-year-old, winning four, and coming in second once. In his last race in Jerome Park, October 11, he vanquished a fast field of four and five year olds in a mile dash.

Geraldine is a stylish and game bay filly. She was foaled in 1877. She is by imported Saxon—Girl of the Period. Geraldine never raced in this country. She was bred by Mr. Pierre Lorillard at his Rancocus farm, New Jersey, and sent to England in the fall of 1878. She started five times in England last year, winning first, second, and third places. Her greatest victory was at Goodwood, July 30, when she won the Lavant Stakes, value £1030. The betting was ten to one against her.

Pappoose is a fine chestnut filly, full sister to Parole. She was foaled in 1877 by imported Leamington—Maiden, by Lexington. Like Geraldine, she made her maiden races in England last year as a two-year-old, starting six times, and scoring one victory, the first spring two-year-old stakes at Newmarket, April 30.

With the exception of Spendthrift, the above horses will soon be heard from, as they are freely entered in the spring as well as summer races. Spendthrift is to be sent over in the early spring, but will not enter the contests until late in the season.

Following are the principal events in which Mr. Lorillard's horses are entered: March 15, the Batthyany Stakes, Lincoln; March 17, the Lincoln Handicap; March 19, Liverpool Spring Cup; April 14, Newmarket Handicap; April 13, Double Trial Plate; April 16, Newmarket International Handicap; April 21, Great Metropolitan Stakes; April 22, City and Suburban; April 20, Great Surrey Handicap; April 23, the Esher Stakes, Sandoun Park; April 27, Prince of Wales Stakes; May 5, the Chester Trades Cup; May 6, the Great Cheshire Stakes; May 11, Newmarket Spring Handicap; May 28, Epsom Gold Cup; June 10, Ascot Gold Cup, and All-aged Stakes;

June 16, Alexandra Plate; July 28, Lennox Stakes.

Mr. **KEENE's** Spendthrift is nominated for the Ascot Gold Cup, the Epsom Gold Cup, and the Alexandra Plate.

Later in the season other engagements will doubtless be made and announced.

Among other Americans with stables of race-horses in England may be mentioned Mr. M. H. **SANFORD**, of Kentucky. He has struggled nobly for years on the English turf. Several fat purses have fallen to his share, and he has succeeded in making Englishmen seek American blood to mingle with their thorough-breds.

SLAVERY IN BRAZIL.

BRAZIL being the only civilized country in which slavery exists in full force, but which even there may, let us hope, be reckoned in a few years as a thing of the past, a sketch of slave life may not be uninteresting.

The staple produce of Brazil for exportation is coffee, which is the result of culture on plantations, known as *fazendas*. When ripe for market, the coffee beans are forwarded in bags to Rio Janeiro for sale and shipment. The real interest in the work on plantations is centred in the method of slave labor, which, though doomed to extinction, is still in full force. While such is the case, free labor can not exist. Happily for Brazil, there was a law passed in 1870 destined to put an end to this vile system. It was declared that after 1871 the children of slaves should be born free; so at the present moment there are no slaves under eight years of age. An average *fazenda* in Brazil will have from two to three hundred slaves—men, women, and children. These live in a quadrangle, or *quadro*, divided off into a number of small rooms, each room being inhabited by one or two slaves. The first bell rings about half past three in the morning, when they get up and make some coffee. At four the second bell rings, when they have to "form," that is, they are drawn up in line and inspected, to see none is missing. The field laborers are then marched off, each one with a basket on his back. The work that these have to do is the hardest—toiling all day in the hot sun, hoeing the weeds between the coffee-trees, planting Indian corn, or picking coffee. They work in gangs of eighteen, each gang with a *feitor*, or overlooker, who is himself generally a slave, and is provided with a whip and *palmatorio*. This latter instrument is made of wood, shaped like the palm of the hand, and fastened to a handle about a foot long. The wood is about half an inch in thickness, and has three small holes bored through it, and is a common mode of punishment, especially for the women and children. The "field hands" are out all day, stopping an hour and a half for breakfast, and an hour for dinner. But the slaves who work in the fields are not more than twenty-five per cent. of the whole number, the rest being carpenters, blacksmiths, machine hands, or infirmary patients. Though slavery still exists in Brazil, it is perhaps less unendurable than that which exists in certain other countries, inasmuch as a good man has the chance of getting on and ameliorating his position. He may become a *feitor*, and then he would have a separate place to live in; or he is put to work about the house or in the garden; while the most intelligent boys are made to learn some trade, and often turn out good blacksmiths, stone-masons, etc. At half past seven the bell rings to leave off work. Until nine they can do as they like; then the second bell rings, and they are locked in for the night.

The punishment mostly used on *fazendas*, and one which the blacks stand most in dread of, is the stocks. Each plantation has two pair, one for the men, the other for the women, and it is most curious the dread the blacks have of them. They would much rather be beaten than pass one hour in them; and accordingly this punishment is reserved for the graver offenses, such as stealing and fighting; in fact, if it were not for this latter, the stocks would have very few occupants. But the blacks are very quarrelsome: hardly a day passes but two blacks have a set-to, which ends in one going to the infirmary, and the other to the stocks.

The holidays that are strictly observed are St. John's Day (24th of June), Christmas-day, and the Thursday and Friday before Easter. This last is more of a fast than a feast, but the former two are quite given up to jollification. A fat bullock is killed, and *aguadiente*, or white rum, circulates freely, while dancing is kept up the whole day—a weird, wild kind of dance, imported from Africa, in which the central figure is the dancer, while around him in a ring are the spectators, now singing in a low, monotonous tone, now shouting at the top of their voices, the only music being a kind of drum made of a hollow log of wood, and covered with a piece of rawhide. Thoroughly they enjoy themselves, and these feasts are looked forward to and remembered with pleasure.

On most *fazendas* the slaves have Sundays to themselves, when they cultivate their gardens, while the women wash their clothes. If any of them choose to work on Sunday, they get paid for it, while on St. John's Day it is the custom to give a small sum to each slave. All are supposed to belong to the Roman Catholic Church. But their religion is an extraordinary mixture of Romish ceremonies and African fetichism. They pray to the Virgin, wear charms made out of old bones or snakes' tails, and devoutly believe in an evil spirit who wanders about in the fields after dark seeking whom he may devour. On every *fazenda* there is a building which does duty for a church, with a large wooden cross inside. Every Saturday night at nine o'clock the cross is lit up by half a dozen candles, and a carpenter or blacksmith who has been taught to say mass officiates as priest.

The value of a slave depends upon age. A young mechanic would be worth from $1000 to $1500, a field hand about $1000, and a woman from $400 to $750; so in self-defense the owner has to treat them well, just as a man would take care of a thorough-bred horse. They are handed down from father to son, and except in cases of failure are not sold out of the family. Often the owner liberates in his will certain of his slaves. By Brazilian laws, no child can be separated from its mother under eight years of age, nor can they be set to work until then, while the owner has to keep a register of all births and deaths.

How wrong the system of slavery is, and what harm it does to a country, are evident to any one who has travelled in Brazil. There can be seen a fine country, endowed by nature with everything conducive to greatness, reduced to a worn-out and ruined state, and all owing to this wretched system. The freed slaves will not work while slavery remains, and free labor will not come, while year by year the hatred between the slaves and their masters is becoming wider, and the crime of murder is becoming more and more rife.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE rescue of children from physical suffering and moral degradation is a work which, though long neglected, has been cordially recognized and supported by the public since it was undertaken by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The wrongs inflicted upon helpless little ones were never realized until hundreds of hidden cases of neglect and abuse were brought to light by this society. During the year 1879 over seven hundred children were relieved, and placed in homes or benevolent institutions. The president of the society, Elbridge T. Gerry, calls the attention of the charitable to an important need—a temporary house of relief for rescued children, before they can be placed in proper institutions or sent to their homes. At present there are no suitable accommodations, and the work of the society is often embarrassed in consequence.

Perhaps many of our readers may not know how this society originated. About six years ago a charitable lady visited a poor woman who lay dying of consumption in a miserable little room on the highest floor of a tenement-house in this city. When asked what could be done for her relief, the sufferer said she could not die in peace while a miserable little girl named "Mary Ellen," who lived next door to her room, was beaten day and night—that the child was locked up, and her screams were often heard. The lady, prompted by humanity, sought the aid of the police. They said they could do nothing unless there was evidence to prove the offense. She then went to several benevolent societies charged by law with the care of children, but was told that they could not act in the matter unless the child was legally committed to them under an order of the court. She next consulted several benevolent gentlemen, and was warned that she would get into trouble if she attempted to interfere between parent and child. Finally, in despair, she appealed to Henry Bergh, who has "spent his life for the benefit of dumb animals," and never has turned a deaf ear to the cry of the helpless. The rescue of little "Mary Ellen" followed. Other similar cases were brought to light; and when Mr. Bergh found that his own society could not do justice to the increased demands upon it, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was organized and incorporated as a distinct institution.

The New York *Herald* Relief Fund for the suffering people of Ireland, which was started early in February by a contribution of $100,000 from the *Herald* itself, had reached on February 17 the sum of $206,699 09, and the spontaneous gifts were still every day adding to this generous amount.

Forty destitute Hungarian immigrants recently arrived at Castle Garden. They had been driven from their own country by want, which, in consequence of poor harvests and the terrible floods, had ended almost in utter famine. Many of the men had left families in Hungary because they had not the means to transport them hither, but they feared that unless they could send them money soon they would perish with hunger. Every effort was made by the Emigration Commissioners to find employment and homes for them.

The deadly hate of the Nihilists has again burst forth in an attempt upon the life of the Czar of Russia. This time a mine was laid beneath the floor of the dining-room in the Winter Palace, and it was fired just about the usual dining hour of the imperial family. In consequence of some accidental delay, the Emperor and other members of the family were not in the room. Five soldiers were killed, and thirty-five persons injured.

For some time past there has been a movement going on for the re-opening of Manhattan Market, at West Thirty-fourth Street, North River, and at length a company for this purpose has been formed under the name of the "Metropolitan Market Company." The Manhattan Market was first opened in 1872, but at that time the enterprise proved unsuccessful, and it was deserted, and has since remained unused. It covers an area of 160,000 square feet, and many market-men and capitalists now feel much interest in the success of this new venture.

Rockaway Beach is preparing for summer-time. By June 1 we are promised a magnificent hotel and a grand pier. A new railroad is to be built from Hunter's Point to the Beach; a company has been formed to establish a ferry between the Beach and Coney Island; and communication either by rail or steamer will be effected with Canarsie.

In Zürich, Switzerland, nearly five hundred shopkeepers have asked the city council officially to suspend all trade on Sunday. Shops were opened by a few persons at first on that day, but the practice has increased so rapidly that all feel compelled by business interests to follow their example. Hence the petition for legal measures to suspend trade on Sunday.

The popularity of self-insuring societies in this country is constantly growing, and the most satisfactory reports are made concerning their affairs. One of these, the Post-office Mutual Aid Association, of this city, shows at the close of twelve years a total payment of $120,276 to families of deceased members. Of this sum, $14,386 were expended during 1879. The treasurer is the venerable Charles Forrester, who for fifty years has been employed in the New York Post-office, where he holds the responsible position of Superintendent of the Newspaper Mailing Department. Another equally worthy organization is the Brooklyn Mutual Relief Association, whose popular secretary, Mr. G. M. Anderson, reports the payment of benefits for the past year amounting to $22,037, the whole expense of receiving and disbursing the same being only $53 25. This body, like the other, has been in existence just twelve years, during which time $91,863 have been paid to the heirs of deceased members.

On March 22 the second part of the American library of the late George Brinley, of Hartford, Connecticut, will be put on sale. The first part of this library, comprising over twenty-six hundred lots, was sold in March, 1879, and fetched nearly fifty thousand dollars. The catalogue of the second part is now in press. It will contain about eighteen hundred lots, mostly relating to New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware.

When the residents of Niagara had just given up the expectation of seeing an ice bridge across the river, a heavy gale about February 12 brought down the ice in such quantities as to completely block it from shore to shore. The bridge is—or was—perfectly solid, the ice piled in all imaginable shapes, and extending from below the new Suspension-Bridge up to a point between the Prospect House and Table Rock. Several persons crossed it the day after it was formed. Niagara in winter is often magnificent, and is well worth a visit.

Three valuable horses are on their way from this country to the Japanese Empire. Two of these, Black Hawk and Kingsley, were purchased for the Japanese government, by its agent, at a cost of about $4000 each. Barb, a fine four-year-old bay, has been presented by General Grant to the Emperor of Japan, in remembrance of his hospitable entertainment in that country.

The light of publicity does not beam as kindly as might be wished on some of the minor charities of this great city. The New York House and School of Industry, a modest institution, but fruitful withal in good works, whose local habitation is in West Sixteenth Street, has just issued its twenty-ninth annual report. The main object of the institution is to provide work for infirm and destitute women, without any regard to distinctions of nationality or religion. This is the sort of charity which does most good—the charity which helps people to help themselves; but the good ladies who have inaugurated and carried on this work have recognized the need of good influences at an earlier stage of life, and so have added a Sewing School for Girls, and an Infant Industrial School, for the "ragged and tanned" of both sexes. The character of the needle-work done by the women and the young scholars is excellent, both in plain sewing and fine and order work, and the balance-sheet shows a considerable aggregate of receipts for work done during the past year. The specialty of the house is household needle-work, and were its existence and merits more widely known, the modest profits of an increased business would enable it to extend the sphere of its beneficent operations in the departments both of relief and instruction.

WHAT MAY BE DONE FOR IRELAND.

THE universal and hearty response given to the appeals for help that come from famine-stricken Ireland shows the wealth of sympathy that exists throughout the civilized world for suffering and distress. Through the active efforts of the New York *Herald* and other agencies large sums of money are being forwarded from our own land; England is doing her uttermost in the way of charity toward her unfortunate subjects; France shows how well she cherishes the memory of Irish liberality during her troublous days in 1870; and Rome sends her evidences of practical pity to those whom she regards as her children in the Church. At the same time, the most praiseworthy feature in the whole case is that intelligent men and women are turning their attention to measures whereby these reiterated calamities may be averted. The desire is shown in many quarters to discover some means by which matters can be so managed that these constantly recurring demands upon the charity of the world may cease. Granting that the country is to a degree overpopulated, and that its government is not now and has not been in the past all that it ought to be, there is still no adequate reason for the present calamitous condition of affairs. The partial failure of one year's crops should not find the people without any preparation for such a contingency. Diminished production would work no such disaster here, nor would it in Ireland if everything were not left dependent upon the yield of a single season. Famine is the result not of one year's failure, but of improvidence during many years of plenty.

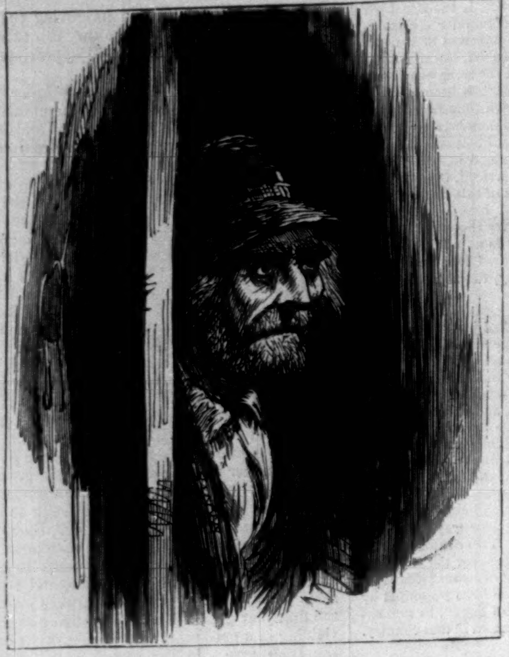
The action of the English government in offering loans at a very low rate of interest, and on exceedingly favorable terms of repayment, by which land-owners may commence works of improvement other than buildings upon their estates, is another most effective measure for relief. This is the right moment to set about important undertakings in arterial drainage, bog reclamation, waste-land culture, harbors and piers for fishery and other shipping, the cultivation of river and pond fish, the planting of land for timber, the construction of railways for opening out neglected localities. What can be done with profit in certain of these lines has already been proven by the results of private enterprise. Last week we alluded to the successful efforts in stock-raising on the estate of the Marquis of Sligo by a Mr. **BARBER**. This enterprising farmer, aided by his able engineer and manager, Mr. **MCALISTER**, has been equally successful in his efforts to obtain a mastery over the bog lands of his holding. The area of bog under process of bit-by-bit reclamation stretches between the foot of a mountain and a lake, with ample slope for drainage. It is claimed, indeed, by certain advocates of plans for the reclamation of bogs that there is little marsh or bog land in Ireland that does not lie favorably for drying by means of simple open drains, which can nearly always be cut to good outfalls. An engineer who knows the heavy cost of erecting, maintaining, and working steam draining engines and sluices, of building embankments, and of opening and improving the seaward channels of rivers before they can carry off water from dead-level lands, will appreciate this important fact.

On the tract in question a catch-water drain has been constructed intercepting the upland torrents, and conveying them partly round and across the plain of bog to the lake. This drain serves also as a canal, easing the transport of heavy earth, which is brought to different parts of the bog in barges, thus greatly shortening the distance over which the carrying and distributing have to be performed by carts. Open drains are cut across to tap the spongy bog of its water, the work being done by the country people at so much per rod. Covered stone drains are laid at intervals between the open drains, and as the bog is not very deep—probably averaging some three feet—these under-drains have been laid below the greasy clay upon which the bog lies. This drying at the very bottom, and reaching the springs underneath the pan, is considered a very important point. Lime, burned from the stone on the mountain-sides, is applied in a heavy dressing upon the surface of rough heath, and the portion to come under treatment is dug in the strips, or narrow four-furrow ridges with open gutters between, which are seen in every attempt to cultivate bog land in Ireland. It is said, though we have not direct authority for the statement, that the cost of this reclamation amounts to about seventy-five dollars per Irish acre, and that in some years the crop of turnips always grown in the first year goes far toward realizing as much, yielding in a good season up to thirty tons on the big Irish acre. In the second year limestone gravel and sand are carried on to coat the bog with hard material, and farm-yard manure from hay and root fed cattle is applied to the strips split by fork into beds for potatoes. After this crop, the land is ploughed for oats in the third year. The fine vegetable soil thus produced rests upon the stratum of raw spongy bog, which gradually consolidates from the drying of its mass; and the surface subsides till, in the course of time, it may be practicable to throw up the substratum of clay or other hard earth by trenching, at first with the spade, ultimately, perhaps, with the subsoiling plough.

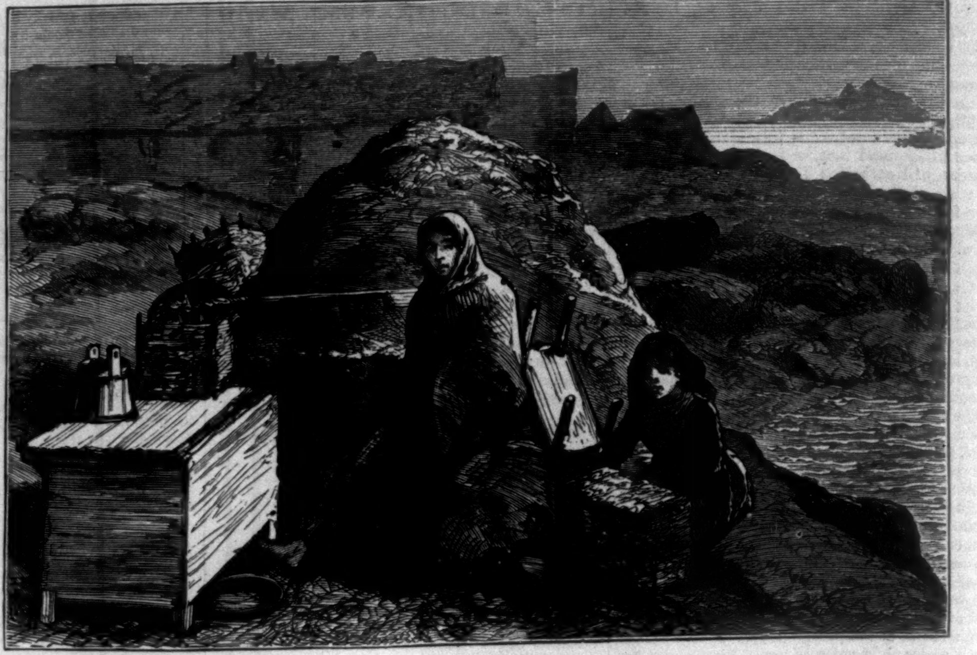
We understand that the practice at Kylemore has established the precise kind and order of operations requisite and necessary for reclaiming hill-side bog, and what is of great moment, has demonstrated the remunerative nature of the work. In thousands of localities such bogs lie wasted and unproductive. There are many examples of enterprises similar in detail upon the red bog in flatter districts where the made land floats upon a quagmire some five to eight or ten feet deep. In one instance a parish priest has reclaimed a considerable breadth of bog by cutting drains, liming, and applying sand or other hard material. In some cases the turnip and potato crops have to be repeated, after second applications of sand, before the ground will produce a second crop of oats. It appears, however, that lime, the very foundation of success, according to the opinion of many, in producing the healthy surface and preparing the upper layer which is to form soil, is rarely made use of by the small farmers, though limestone abounds in so many of the bog districts of Ireland. The conversion of bog areas into farm lands is going on slowly upon many small holdings by the tedious but effectual method of digging away the whole of the peat bodily as it is required for fuel, and then tilling the clayey base thus left exposed. Capital can unquestionably transform these wastes into fertility, and the action of the government leads us to hope that a great deal will be done.

As improvement is made in matters other than buildings, improvement in these will of course speedily follow. At present the miserable constructions on Irish farms are a source of amazement to a visitor who knows that he is among a people who pretend to live by agriculture. In vain he looks for specimens of the quadrangular straw yard, with surrounding buildings, which distinguishes most English farms. Except on the few large holdings, there are no straw yards at all, and no farm premises beyond the small thatched houses or hovels which are here honored with the designation of barns, cow-houses, and stables—usually joined on to the farmer's dwelling-house, with manure heaped just outside the doors. The one or two cows and their calves on each holding are in the field all winter—a treatment which the mildness of the climate renders possible, though the loss in the meat-producing capability of the country from this exposure must be enormous. The calves are shut up at night and fed with hay, and they are not in first-class condition in the spring when sold as yearlings to the large grazing farmers. The occupiers could make good use of cattle-sheds and food-houses if they had them; in fact, improved husbandry in root-feeding and manure-making—the very basis of a proper agriculture—is prevented by this pitiable absence of any reasonable description of farm buildings. It is a puzzle how the tenants on hundreds of farms manage to shelter their live stock, including the active well-fed ass which so commonly pulls their little cart to market with produce or turf for sale.

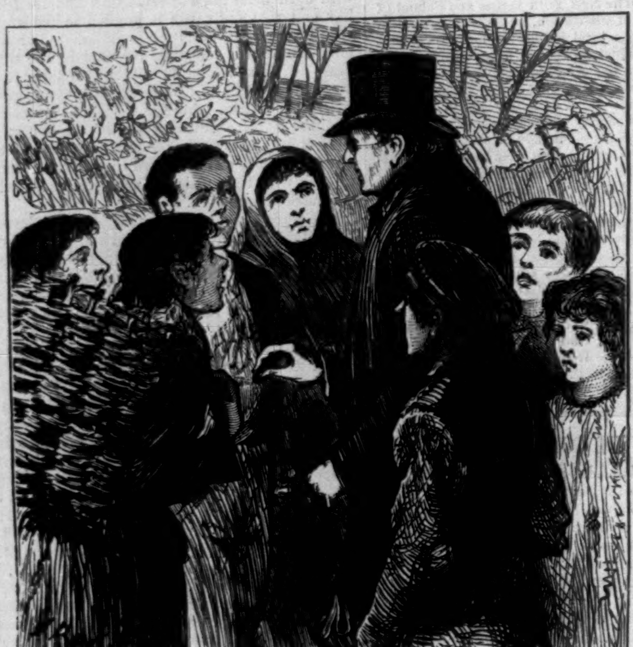
Among the by no means restricted list of possibilities for Ireland is the improvement of her fisheries. The opening of a much greater trade in deep-sea and other fishing is said to be thoroughly practicable. Those informed upon the subject affirm it to be merely a matter of enterprise and capital. With boats and gear, and, in some cases, landing piers, and railways to carry the harvest of the sea, a very large increase could be made in the west-coast fisheries. Shoals of mackerel and herring may frequent banks in other seas, and abound in great numbers in shallower water, rather than in the deep ocean off the west coast of Ireland, but there are magnificent bays, penetrating sometimes twenty miles inland, such as Galway Bay and Clew Bay, in which the



THE POOR BASKET-MAKER.



THEIR ONLY HOME.



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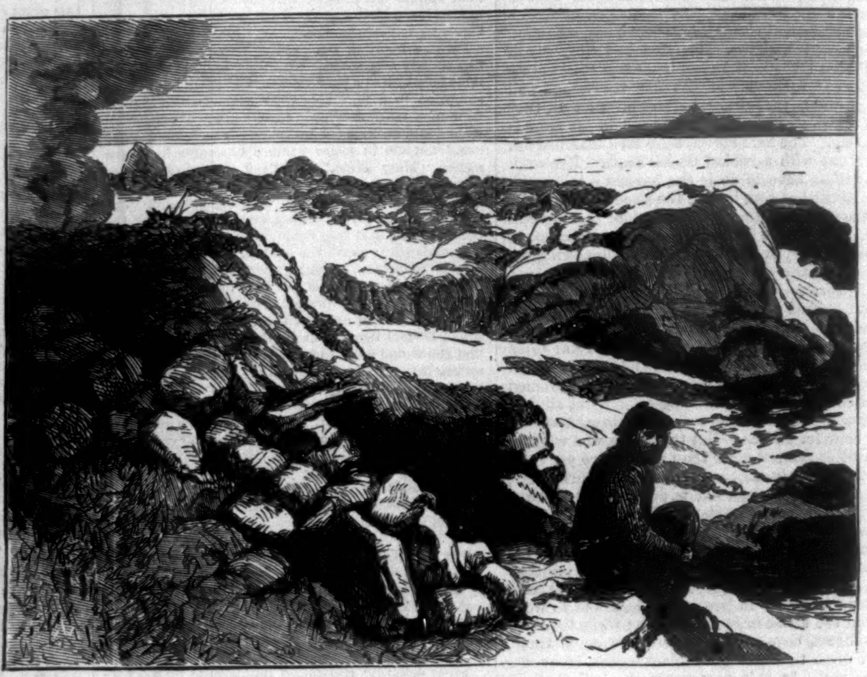
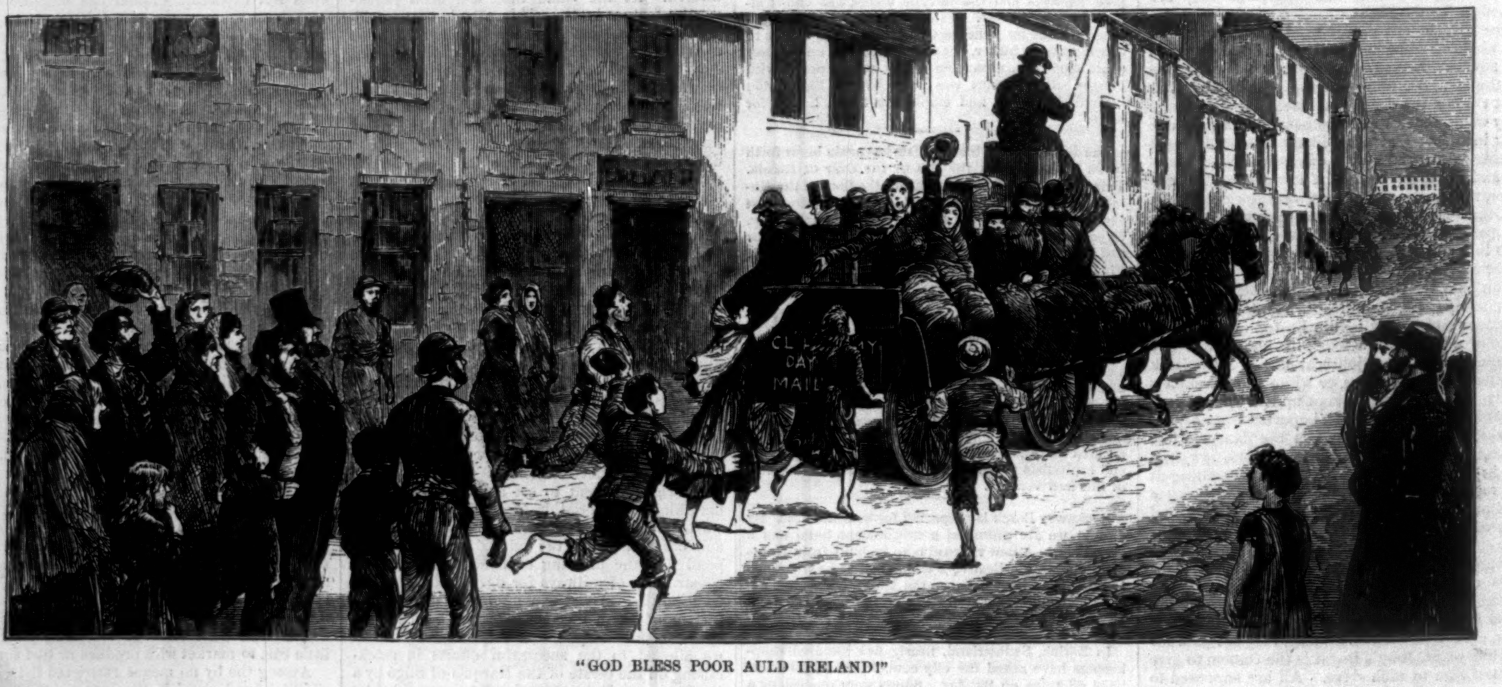


A FISHERMAN'S HUT.



"GOD BLESS POOR AULD IRELAND!"

THE DISTRESS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.

fish are in abundance beyond the ability of present means to catch. With reference to the sketches on this page the artist writes:

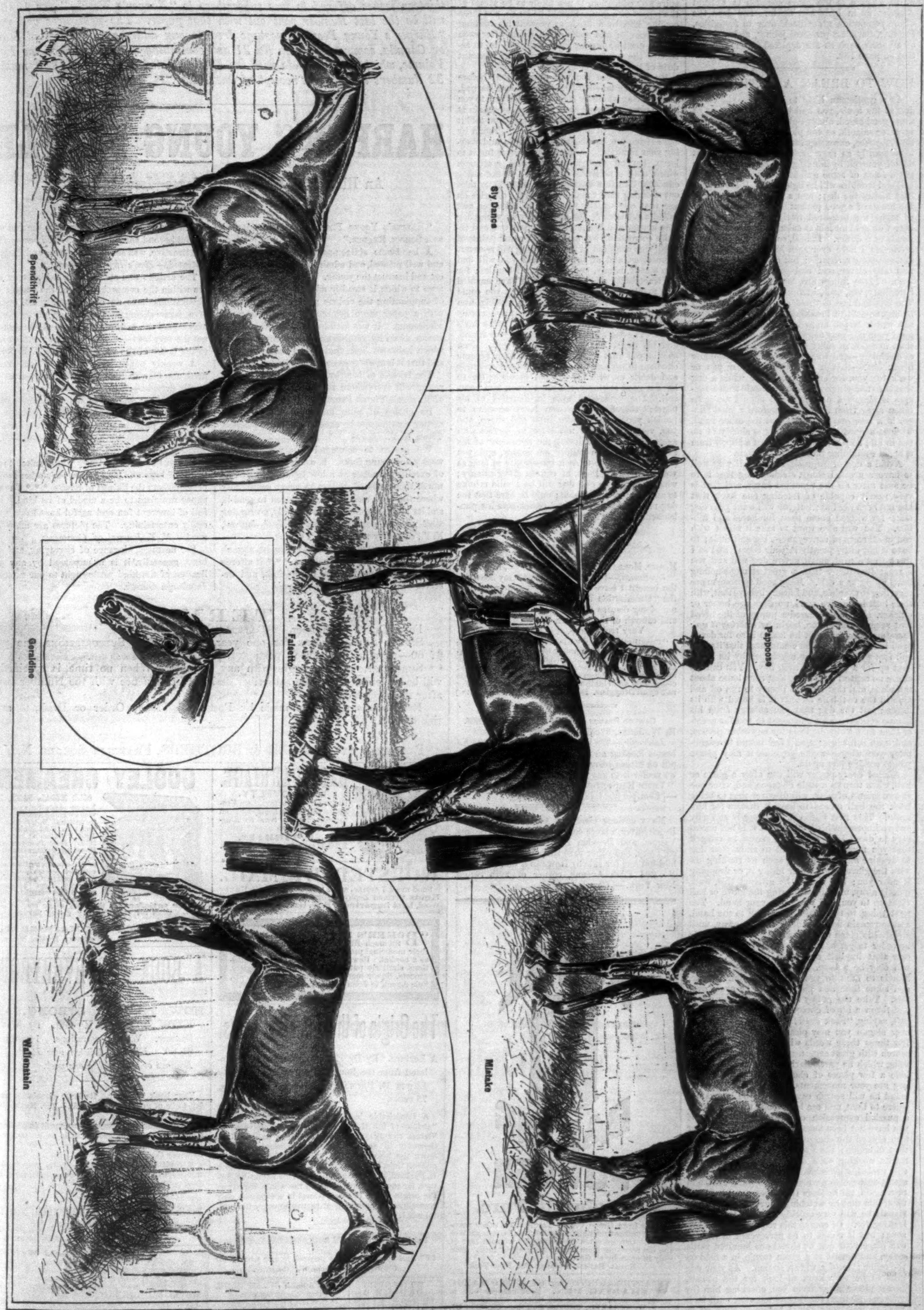
"The Dean of Clifden, before going out in the morning, takes the precaution to turn all his cash available for charitable purposes into bronze coinage. He is always surrounded by a crowd of children during his travels, and he gives to each a few pence, well knowing the state of the home larder in every case. The little 'Patlanders,' as he calls them, are never 'sent empty away,' and a kind word always accompanies the little gift.

"The nearest railway station to Clifden is at Galway, a distance of about forty miles, and this journey must be accomplished on an outside car. I saw a passenger take his departure one morning for America. A crowd of his friends came to wish him 'godspeed,' many of them envying him his good luck in being able to get off to the land of plenty. He shouted at the top of his voice, 'God bless poor ould Ireland!' all along the street, and the women wailed in their piteous manner, running after the car as far as they could.

"Respectable people, desperately poor at all times, but still able to exist without charitable help, are now reduced to begging for the means of keeping body and soul together. While at the little post-office, one Saturday evening, an old man's face, haggard and famine-stricken, appeared at the door. The poor old fellow asked the postmaster, the tears running down his face the while, for a little help. He was a basket-maker, I was told, and earned fourpence a day. His aged wife was dying of consumption in a wretched hovel a few yards from where we stood. I saw the place; it was miserable in the extreme, standing in a deep hollow, surrounded by wet, swampy ground.

"Not far away was the small hut depicted in the sketch, shaped like a bee-hive. It was tenanted by a family of four or five persons, who had lived there for eighteen months. The height inside could not have been more than three feet in the highest part. What little furniture they had—a clothes chest (empty of clothes) and two or three other trifles—was outside. The sea washed almost to the hole, about two feet high, which was the entrance. At night the family could merely crawl in and nestle amongst the straw and sea-weed, which were their only bed. The eldest daughter, a girl of eighteen, had died but a few months before. The poor creatures were respectably and neatly dressed, though how they managed to keep up personal cleanliness was to me a mystery.

"A few hundred yards further on we came across the hut of a poor fisherman who had passed forty years of his life in a hole burrowed in the side of a hill. The inside dimensions were only large enough to admit the body of this wretched hermit."


Spendthrift
Sly Dance
Geraldine
Falsetto
Papoose
Wallenstein
Mistake

AMERICAN RACE-HORSES FOR ENGLAND.—DRAWN BY HENRY STULL.—[SEE PAGE 154.]

THE CARNIVAL IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

The carnival is much the same all over the world. There is the same *abandon* in Central America as in Italy and Spain. For days the whole population gives itself over to festivities, feasting, harmless practical joking, and fooleries of all sorts, such as are depicted in our illustration on page 152.

HOW TO BREAK A RETRIEVER.

As a gentleman likes to have a good-looking dog at his heels, you had better get a puppy of some good breed, about eight months old—curly, wavy, or smooth, as you please. There is but little difference, excepting that the curly ones smell unpleasantly as they grow older. Only do not delude yourself by thinking that because you have got a scion of some well-known breed, your educational troubles will be lightened. It is the man that makes the dog; and a common mongrel in the hands of a good patient breaker will beat out of sight the best-bred retriever whose parents ever won gold medals at suburban palaces, in the hands of a duffer. Indeed, some of the cleverest retrievers I have ever seen have been thorough and complete mongrels; but of course they were naturally clever, and had good noses to begin with. Three things are, however, more or less hereditary, viz., nose, a tender mouth, and temper. The first and last of these can not be inculcated by any amount of breaking; and it is difficult to say which is the more important, for, however good your dog may be, what can be more galling than to see it so sulky after some administration of discipline—and what dog will not occasionally break out?—that it will not come near you, or work for you, for an hour or two? while a dog that is so bad-tempered as to be unsafe with strangers is simply a nuisance, and should never be taken away from home. Therefore a good temper is a *sine qua non*, while, on the other hand, without a good nose a retriever is simply of no use at all; so you must try to select a puppy from a breed combining these two essentials.

Avoid a dog of large size. It is all very well to have a great, lashing, striding dog that is to be sent after all the wounded hares, and that is very nearly capable of fetching one back that has not been fired at; but you will want your dog more for winged game than for hares and rabbits. You will also want to take it about with you in all sorts of conveyances, big and little; to have it not unfrequently in your room; and so I think that a neat, small, active dog will suit you a great deal better than a great strong-smelling beast as big as a calf. Many good sportsmen are reverting to spaniels, and I firmly believe that, with their bustling active ways, no dogs are better or quicker. Having procured a puppy of the breed that seems good to you, begin by *shutting it up*; therefore take care that its frame is so far developed before its education commences that its legs and feet will not become misshapen by its being shut up for a portion of each day. You can exercise no control over a dog that runs loose about the place, and that feels at liberty to run off and hide in the coal-hole directly it is bored with its lesson; but the dog that you enlarge from his kennel conceives an attachment to you far greater than that which he feels for any other person, and, such is his loyalty, will feel bound to accompany you wherever you go, until it may please you to confine him again.

Almost every puppy will run after a glove or ball, when thrown a little distance, and, after one or two games of play, will discover that to bring back the ball means to have it thrown for him again. This first lesson of carrying is so easily and so imperceptibly learned that it is not necessary to dwell longer upon it, except to remark that you must be careful not to allow your dog to acquire any bad habits, such as running off with the glove, worrying or biting it, or dropping it near you; but should he attempt this, walk quietly away, until he will bring the glove or ball right up to you, and place it in your hand. The next thing to teach him is to drop to the hand, and to remain down, while you walk away, until a signal is given to release him. This is merely in order to get him under control, and to inculcate that implicit obedience without which he will only be a bore. The next thing to teach him is to hunt to your hand and your whistle, and some time and pains should be spent over this. Take the puppy to a field of long grass, and throw a bit of cheese or biscuit into a thick tuft, saying, "Seek dead!" "Hie, lost!" or whatever slogan you may please to adopt. After a few times these words will stimulate the dog to search with great eagerness near to you for something which he particularly wishes to find. Next hide a few pieces of cheese, without letting the dog see your movements. At the word of command he will search eagerly; but he knows not where to hunt, and ere long looks up at you with a puzzled expression of countenance, to see if you have not been hoaxing him. Now wave your arm toward the cheese, and walk a few steps in that direction; the dog will follow your movements, working on a line parallel to yours, and will probably overshoot the mark. Attract his attention by a low whistle, wave your arm, and turn again, till he finds the cheese, and it dawns upon him that by watching your movements and signals he will very quickly find the thing he is looking for. Of course this requires several lessons; but it ought to be persevered in till you can place your dog by signal one hundred yards away, and almost at a given turnip in a field on the other side of a widish stream. As your dog gets to be very keen to look for the biscuit, throw pieces away from you, checking him (by "dropping" him) for several minutes, until he is used to wait your signal before starting off on the quest he so eagerly anticipates. If, then, during your strolls together, you have accustomed him to walk at your heel for a length of time together, your puppy is fairly broken, and is fit to take out shooting. A dog so well trained as yours, and with the confidence in his master inspired by education, is not likely to be afraid of the report of a gun. Should he be so, you must confine him by a leash to prevent his running away from it; and make much of him after each report, until he learns, as he soon will do, to associate the unpleasant noise with the pleasant duty of looking for dead game.

By this system you will observe that before your dog was taken out shooting it had learned, first, to bring whatever it found tenderly up to you and to place it in your hand; second, to remain at your heel, or crouched at your feet, till you told it to move; third, to hunt every yard of ground by signal from you, turning to your whistle, and obeying your motions. Is there much more for it to learn, beyond that knowledge and craftiness which only experience can give? Is not a dog educated like this incomparably more fit to take out shooting than the ill-broken brute of twice its age that one usually sees tied to a keeper, and called a retriever? No doubt, as your young dog gets keener and keener, he will break out, and require correction; but early training and habits of obedience acquired in the beginning will re-assert themselves, and at two years old you will find him steady, handy, and experienced besides; for his tractability and obedience will have enabled you to give him twice the work that you could have given a headstrong dog, by putting him down to hunt in places where a more unruly brute would be the means of spoiling half a day's sport. The dog will have always been your friend, and his desire has been to please you. Even should you part with him, he will soon become obedient to his new owner, though never so handy and docile as with his original breaker; for to have a good retriever you must break him yourself. The "merciful man is merciful to his beast;" therefore, when you have occasion to punish your dog, hit him hard and sharp, and you, very likely, will not have to correct him again for that fault during the remainder of his life. Correct him mildly or weakly, and you probably will have to do it incessantly as long as you keep him. Dogs, of course, differ greatly; what is severe to one dog will be a mild rebuke to another; use judgment; only be sure that the dog realizes his offense, and remembers his punishment for long afterward.

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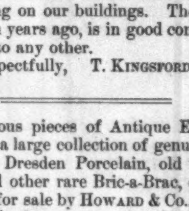

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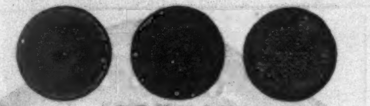

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